

SEPTEMBER 18, 1925

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# FAME

—AND—

# FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**BOUND TO GET RICH;  
OR, HOW A WALL STREET BOY MADE MONEY.**

AND OTHER STORIES

*By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



"Gracious!" exclaimed Walt, rushing forward. "What has happened to Mr. Fairbanks?" Then his eyes rested on the clock. "Great Scott!" he gasped, observing the smoke. "An infernal machine!" With astonishing nerve he seized and flung it through the open window.

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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1925

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## BOUND TO GET RICH

### OR, HOW A WALL STREET BOY MADE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—Walter Bacon Finds a Prize.

"I've got another!" cried Bobby Burnside gaily, as he pulled up a handsome specimen of the finny tribe.

"I see you have," growled his companion, Walter Bacon, knitting his brows impatiently.

"That's the sixth, and you haven't caught one yet."

"There must be something the matter with my bait, otherwise I can't see why you should have a monopoly of the sport."

Walt pulled up his line and examined the bait on his hooks, but he couldn't find anything the matter with them. He tossed his line back into the marshy stream and watched eagerly for a bite. It didn't come, and presently Bobby drew in his seventh fish. The two lads were chums, and both were messenger boys in Wall Street brokerage offices. Walt worked for Douglas Fairbanks, whose offices were on the second floor of the Hanover Building, while Bobby varried messages for Sampson, Metrill & Co., whose place of business was on the same floor. Walt lived in a modest flat on 120th Street, Harlem, with his widowed mother and two pretty sisters, who did their share toward the support of the family. Bobby lived in a corner flat on the same street near by, with his father and mother and a younger brother, who went to school.

Mr. Fairbanks considered Walt the smartest messenger on Wall Street, which was saying a good deal, for there were some pretty smart messengers working for other brokers. It was the afternoon of May 30th, Decoration Day, and being a legal holiday, the boys had embarked on a fishing trip to the New Jersey marshes in the neighborhood of Staten Island. Immediately on their arrival at a spot where they had been told that fish were numerous they got down to business without delay. Although the boys sat side by side, all the luck ran in Bobby's favor, to Walt's disgust.

"I don't understand it at all," said Walt, after his companion had hooked his eighth beauty. "We're both fishing in the same place, and yet everything comes your way and nothing mine. What in thunderation is the reason?"

"Ask me something easier," grinned Bobby.

"I believe if you threw in your hooks bare the fish would grab at 'em."

"No, they wouldn't. Better put on some fresh bait, then maybe you'll have better luck."

"What's the use? I've put fresh bait on three times and it hasn't made any difference. You were born lucky, I guess."

"I may be lucky at catching fish, but you are lucky at catching on to tips."

"What's the good of tips if you haven't any money to back 'em."

"Some day you may have the money and then a tip will set you up."

"I wish I had \$100 now. I got onto a dead-sure winner yesterday."

"What is it?"

"D. & K."

"What's doing in that stock?"

"Nothing yet, but you wait a week and see what will happen."

"What do you think will happen? That it will go up?"

"Sure as your name is Bobby it will."

"That's pretty sure. What's going to make it go up?"

"A pool has been—hurrah! I've got a bite at last!" Walt pulled in his line. Something that shone like dull silver was wriggling at the end of it. "Luck has turned at last," he said, in a tone of satisfaction.

As he reached for the fish, however, it slipped from the hook, struck the water and disappeared.

"Well, what do you think of that? Wouldn't that make you mad enough to chew a ten-penny nail?" cried Walt, in disgust.

"Go on with what you were going to say about D. & K. when you got that bite. You said something about a pool."

"Well, a pool of operators has been formed to boom the stock."

"How did you find that out?"

"That's one of my business secrets."

"Is that so? Well, catching fish is one of mine."

"D. & K. closed yesterday at 48. If I had \$100 I'd put it up as margin on twenty shares, and I bet I'd make \$200 profit."

"It must make you mad, then, to think that you haven't got the \$100."

## BOUND TO GET RICH

"What's the use of getting mad over it? I haven't got the money, and that's all there is to it. Sav, I think you're hoodooing me. I'm going up the stream a little way to try my luck. Don't you follow me or I'll duck you."

"I'm satisfied where I am," said Bobby. "I've another bite. How do you like the looks of that chap?"

Walt made no reply. He pulled in his line and strode away. About a hundred feet from Bobby he stopped and started in again. Ten minutes passed without a bite, then he let his line sink to the bottom, satisfied that all the fish in the little branch of the Kill von Kull had a grudge against him and was passing him up.

"I'd have had more fun if I'd gone somewhere and got into a ball game," he said to himself.

Just then Bobby yelled out to him. He looked back at his companion. Bobby had another fish on the end of his line which he was swinging around his head to show how well it hung on.

"I guess I'll go further up the stream," said Walt, pulling in his line. "Hello! What the dickens have I got hold of, anyway? An old shoe, I guess, or some kind of rubbish."

One of his hooks had evidently caught on something and he was bringing it to the surface. Finally he gave the line a yank and out popped his hooks and sinker. Something oblong and red was attached to a hook. He landed it at his feet and looked at it. With an exclamation of surprise he disentangled it. It was a well-soaked pocketbook.

"I'll bet there isn't anything of value in it."

Nevertheless he opened it with as much care as though he expected to find a thousand-dollar bill in it. The first compartment contained some small newspaper clippings which he tossed into the water. The second held several pennies and two postage stamps. The third held the tintype of a pretty girl. He put it into his vest pocket. He thought that was all the wallet contained till he saw there was an inner compartment protected by a flap. Opening this he saw a yellow-backed bill.

"Gee! Something worth while at last. What is it, \$20 or -whew!" he ejaculated. "It's \$500!"

He stared hard at the water-soaked bill as though he was afraid it would melt into nothingness.

"My, this is a find and no mistake!"

Not daring to unfold it for fear it would go into pulpy bits, he laid it on a stone in the sunshine.

"I wonder if there's any clue to the owner of this wallet?" he asked himself.

The most careful examination of the pocketbook failed to give any line on the proprietor of it.

"When that bill dries out I'll be \$500 to the good. That beats Bobby's luck all hollow. He'll have a fit when he sees it," chuckled Walt. "This is where I get back at him."

He rebaited his hooks and dropped his line into the water. Inside of five minutes he had his first fish flopping about on the ground. After he had caught a second he turned the folded bill over so that the sun could get at the other side. At length he ventured to open it out with great care, after which the bill dried rapidly. He had

three fish by his side when Bobby came up with his string.

"What have you caught?" he asked.

"Three fish and a \$500 bill," replied Walt. "Don't you wish you could do as well?"

"A five hundred dollar—" then Bobby stopped and gazed down open-mouthed at the bill lying upon the stone.

"Where in thunderation did you get that?"

"In the stream."

"In the stream!" cried Bobby.

"Exactly. I fished it out from the bottom. I tell you I'm a fisherman for fair. That's better than pulling in a big fish and finding a diamond ring in its stomach when you open him up."

"Say, how did you find it?"

Then Walt showed him the red pocket-book and told him his story.

"Well, gee whiz! Talk about horse luck! Five hundred dollars at one swoop! I suppose you'll paint old New York vermillion when you get back."

"Hardly, Bobby. I shall use this as a starter for a fortune."

## CHAPTER II.—How Walt Plays a Winner In the Market.

Bobby Burnside usually called for Walt in the mornings and the two boys took the subway train downtown together. On the morning after the fishing excursion Bobby rang the Bacon bell three times, which was his signal, and waited for Walt to come down. In a few minutes his friend appeared and they started for the station.

"What did your folks say when you showed them that \$500 bill you fished out of the pond yesterday afternoon?" asked Bobby.

"How do you know that I showed it to them?"

"I don't know, but I supposed you did, as a matter of course."

"Yes, I showed it to them, and the girls nearly had a fit when they saw it."

"Did they want you to divide up with them?"

"Not exactly, but they said they would accept a new dress and hat apiece."

"I suppose you'll give it to them."

"Sure, after I pull a deal through on D. & K."

"Well, I'd look at that \$500 a long time before I'd put it up on margin."

"If you knew what a good tip I have you'd think differently."

"Maybe I would; but you see I've seen so many people get nipped on so-called tips that I'm rather cautious about putting faith in them."

"Well, you just watch D. & K. and see what happens to it."

"I will, just to see how you will come out. If the stock should go up, as you seem certain that it will, don't hold on too long."

"I'll remember your advice, Bobby," grinned Walt, as they boarded the train.

Walt was generally the first arrival in the morning at the office. He believed in being prompt, and that fact was taken notice of by his employer. The clerks came in one by one and then the stenographer made her appearance.

"Good-morning, Kittie," said Walt, politely.

"Good-morning, Walt," she answered.

"Have a good time yesterday?" he asked.

"I didn't go anywhere. Just stayed home and sewed. What did you do?"

"Went fishing in the afternoon with Bobby Burnside."

"Did you catch many fish?"

"Not half as many as Bobby. He seems to be on better terms with the fish than me; but I caught enough for a meal, and enough is as good as a feast, you know."

"At any rate, you had a good time, I suppose. That was more important than the fish."

"Not a cold?" she smiled.

"No, a pocketbook."

"A pocketbook!" she exclaimed, in surprise. Walt nodded.

"I don't quite understand. You didn't find it in the water, did you?"

"That's where I found it. One of my hooks caught on to it and I pulled it up from the bottom."

"How funny! Anything of value in it?"

"There was a \$500 bill in it."

He pulled the yellowback out of his vest pocket and showed it to her.

"It looks to be a good one," she said.

"I'm willing to take chances on that."

"Well, you were a lucky boy."

"Yes, there's no getting out of that. It isn't often that a \$500 bill is fished out of the water."

"I should say it isn't. I congratulate you on your good fortune."

"Thanks," replied Walt, as Miss Storms continued on into the counting room.

Shortly afterward Broker Fairbanks made his appearance, and after going over his mail he called his messenger inside and gave him a couple of envelopes to deliver. About one o'clock that day Walt went to lunch.

Before he returned to the office he went up to a little bank in Nassau Street and left his \$500 bill and an order for the bank to buy for his account 100 shares of D. & K. stock at 48. With \$20 change in his pocket he hastened back to the office, perfectly satisfied that he had invested in a good thing. That day D. & K. closed at 47 5-8, but that fact didn't worry Walt any.

"Did you buy any D. & K. yesterday?" asked Bobby next morning when they met.

"I did," replied Walt.

"At what figure?"

"At 48."

"The price has fallen off a little."

"I see it has."

"It is liable to go down still further."

"I can stand four points. I don't believe it will drop that much."

Two days later Bobby noticed the stock had gone up to 49.

"You're a dollar a share ahead," he said to his chum when he left him.

"Yes, I recognize that fact," replied Walt.

On the following day D. & K. closed at 50 3-8. As Walt was hustling down New Street next morning part of an apple whizzed so close to his head as to sting the point of his ear. He turned quickly and saw a stout boy vanish into a doorway.

"I wonder if he threw that at me. I'll bet a dollar that was Packy Beagle."

He stood watching the doorway. Presently a

grinning countenance appeared cautiously from the shelter of a broker's sign. It was Beagle, sure enough. He and Walt were not on good terms. Packy worked for a broker named Carter Buchanan, who was both a business and personal enemy of Douglas Fairbanks. Young Beagle was a pock-marked youth of aggressive tendencies. He didn't like Walter Bacon, though for what reason it would be hard to say, and whenever the chance presented itself he would try to annoy him. He had thrown the apple and hoped to escape detection. Finding that Walt had got on to him, he walked off up New Street. Walt had half a mind to follow him and demand an explanation, but as he was on a rush errand he felt that he could not spare the time. On his way back he met Bobby and told him about the incident.

"Packy is looking for trouble," he said. "and he'll get more than he wants of it if he doesn't leave me alone."

"Say, I just came from the Exchange. There seems to be some excitement over D. & K. It went up one point while I was there."

"That's good. The more points it goes up the merrier."

"I notice that you're nearly four dollars a share ahead of the game."

"I have an idea it may go to 60 or even higher."

"Are you going to hold on for 60?"

"I may."

"That would give you a profit of \$12 a share."

"That's right."

"If you have 50 shares that would double the \$500 bill you found."

"Well, I'm not crowing till I'm out of the wood," said Walt, as they separated.

During the day D. & K. went to 55. Next morning's papers predicted a further rise in the stock. That they were not far out of the way was shown by D. & K. opening strong at 55 3-8, and keeping right on to 56. That day the brokers fell over themselves in their efforts to buy the stock. The consequence was it went right up to a fraction above 60, at which it closed. Walt concluded to follow Baron Rothschild's policy and sell too soon. So Walt left his order at the bank on the way home to close him out in the morning. His stock was sold at the opening price of 60 7-8. An hour afterward the bottom came out of the boom and D. & K., amid great excitement, began to tumble at a rapid rate. Bobby saw the decline and wondered whether Walt had been caught.

He rushed into Mr. Fairbanks' office and saw Walt sitting in his chair as contented as though he was worth a million.

"D. & K. is on the toboggan," said Bobby, gliding up to him. "Did you get out in time?"

"Don't I look as if I did?" replied Walt.

"What did you sell at?"

"Around 60."

"Lucky boy. I was afraid you had held on for a higher figure."

Then Bobby went away wondering how much his chum had made. Walt didn't know exactly himself until he received his statement of account and check from the bank, then he saw he had made \$1,250.

That night he presented his mother with \$200,

and each of his sisters with \$25, after telling them how fortunate he had been in the stock market.

### CHAPTER III.—Walt Accidentally Catches On to a Swell Tip.

Bobby was very desirous of learning how much his chum had made out of D. & K., but Walt would not gratify his curiosity. He took Bobby to the theatre, and treated him to a good supper afterward, and the lad had to be satisfied with that. One Saturday morning about three weeks later, as Walt was returning from an errand on Broadway to his office, he noticed a plainly-clad girl walking ahead of him. He had almost overtaken her when she started to cross Nassau street at its junction with Wall. The horses of an express wagon stood with their heads almost on a line with the crossing, and prevented her from seeing a cab that was approaching down Nassau street until it was right on top of her, so to speak.

She uttered a low scream of fright, started back, lost her balance and was falling right in the cab's path when Walt, seeing her peril, dashed forward, grabbed her and swung her out of danger as the driver tried to pull in his horse. Walt assisted her back to the curb, but she was so upset that she hardly knew what she was doing.

The young messenger supported her on the sidewalk until she recovered herself.

"I am so much obliged to you," she said, as soon as her self-possession came back to her. "I believe you saved my life."

"That's all right," he said, cheerfully. "I am very glad to have been able to render you a service, miss. Shall I accompany you across the street?"

"If you please," she replied, gratefully. "I feel so nervous that I can hardly walk. I had a great shock."

"I guess you did. I will walk down part of the block with you, if you wish."

"Thank you very much. Would you mind telling me your name? I should like to know who I am under such deep obligation to."

"My name is Walter Bacon. I am a Wall street messenger, employed by Douglass Fairbanks, in the Hanover Building."

"Thank you. My name is Florence Mills. I am a school teacher. I am on my way to the Seamen's Bank."

"The Seamen's Bank? I can go as far as that with you, Miss Mills. It is right on the corner of Pearl street."

"Yes. I hope you won't put yourself out on my account, Mr. Bacon. You have already done more for me than I ever can thank you enough for," she said, sweetly.

"I'm not putting myself out much. In any case, I think it is my duty to see you to your destination under the circumstances, for you look pale and weak. You will be able to rest yourself at the bank. Do you know, your face is very familiar to me. Just as if I had met you somewhere before. But I don't think I ever did."

"I am sure I never saw you before, Mr. Bacon. I would remember your face if I had. I probably look like somebody you know."

When they reached the steps leading up into the Seamen's Bank she offered Walt her hand.

"I will thank you once more for what you did for me," she said, "and will ever remember you with gratitude."

"You are welcome, Miss Mills," replied Walt, and then they parted.

That evening at the supper table he recounted the incident to his mother and sisters.

"Was she pretty?" asked Edna, with a roguish smile.

"Was she? You can gamble on it that she was, sis," said Walt, with some energy.

"As pretty as that young lady whose picture you've got on your dressing-case?" with a covert smile.

"By Jove!" cried the boy, springing to his feet and rushing out of the room, much to the surprise of the family. In a minute or two he came back with an expression of excitement on his face.

"I knew I'd seen her before! What a chump I was not to think of this tintype! That's the very girl I saved this morning from being run over," and he threw the picture on the table.

"Gracious!" exclaimed both of his sisters in a breath. "Are you sure of it?"

"Positive."

"Then the pocketbook must have been lost by somebody she knew," said Edna. "Her best fellow, perhaps."

"I guess so," replied Walt, his enthusiasm evaporating at the possibility that Miss Florence had a best fellow.

"Did the young lady give you her address?" asked Edna.

"No. She only gave me her name."

"Then how are you going to find her in order to trace the owner of the wallet?"

"That will be easy enough. She's a school teacher. I can write to the Board of Education for her address, explaining the circumstances."

"So you can," said May.

He did so and received a reply two days later from the secretary, enclosing Miss Mills' address.

She lived at No. — West Ninety-third street. Walt decided to call on her, so that evening he dressed himself more carefully than usual and took an elevated train to the Ninety-third street station. On arriving at the address given, which was a flat house, he discovered from the janitor that, as the schools had just closed for the summer vacation, she and her mother had gone to visit a relative in the country. They were not expected to return till the first of September.

"Well, I guess the matter will have to keep till she gets back," said Walt to himself. "I'm sorry, for I should like to have seen her."

Next day Walt carried a note to a well-known broker in Broad street. He was shown into the broker's private room. The trader, after reading the brief communication the boy had brought, started to scribble off a reply. As he pulled his pad toward him his elbow pushed a small pile of papers off the edge of his desk. They flew about the carpet and Walt stooped down to pick them up. One of the papers had landed face up, and as he reached for it he couldn't help reading the single line that was written upon it. This is what it was:

"Buy every share of P. & B. you can get hold of at the market. (Signed) 'Camp.'

Walt returned the papers to the desk, for which trouble the broker thanked him as he handed him an envelope to take back to Mr. Fairbanks.

On his way back to the office his mind was busy with the memorandum he had just seen. That it was a matter of great importance he was certain. Camp, the signer of the memo, was one of the biggest traders in the Street.

He was reputed to be worth millions, and he was known to be the head of a big bull clique that made a practice of cornering certain stocks when the conditions were favorable.

"I'll bet Camp and his associates are making an effort to corner P. & B. His order called for the purchase of every share in sight. That certainly looks like business. I believe I've got hold of a swell tip. I must look up P. & B. and see what it's going at. With such a pointer I ought to lose no time in getting in on the ground floor with the big traders. I'd be a chump if I let a good thing like this get away from me."

Walt found out that P. & B. was ruling at 72.

"I can buy 200 shares on margin and if it goes up ten points I'll win \$2,000," he said to himself.

So, just before he left for home, he got the envelope containing his \$1,500 from the safe. As soon as he was released for the day he carried the money around to the little bank on Nassau street and put all but \$60 of it up as margin on the 200 shares.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Walt Makes a Good Thing Out of His Tip.

Although Walt had every confidence in the winning properties of his tip on P. & B., nevertheless the fact that he had practically every cent of his \$1,500 capital up on the strength of it kept him somewhat on the anxious seat. For a day or so P. & B. remained stationary, then it advanced to 74, much to the young messenger's relief. He saw the quotation while he was at the Exchange with a message to Mr. Fairbanks' representative. When he started to leave somebody stuck out his foot and Walt tripped over on his face. All the other messengers laughed hilariously. Walt scrambled to his feet pretty mad, because he knew the trick had been worked on him to make him look ridiculous. He looked around to see if he could single out the guilty party. His eyes lighted on Packy Beagle, who was grinning. He was satisfied that Packy was the guilty individual.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded, walking up to him.

"What's the matter with you?" retorted Packy, aggressively. "I didn't do nothin' to you."

"Yes, you did. You tripped me up just now."

"Aw, fade away!" sneered Packy, pushing out his chin.

Walt knew that the messengers' entrance to the Stock Exchange was no place for a scrap, but Beagle's insulting behavior was too much for him to stand. Quicker than a wink he hauled off and smashed Packy in the eye, knocking him three feet away. He landed in a heap in a corner and the rumpus brought an attache in double-quick order to the place. Walt, seeing trouble ahead, glided out of the door and started for his office as fast as he could walk. When the Exchang-

three P. & B. had gone up another point, to Walt's great satisfaction. During the next three days the stock slowly advanced to 77, which put Walt about \$1,000 to the good.

"Things are coming my way, all right," he said, gleefully, as he noted the quotation on the tape of the office ticker. "It's about time that boom started in earnest. I shouldn't be surprised if that stock went up over fifteen points altogether. That Camp crowd are pretty hot bulls when they get busy."

"The brokers are acting like a lot of lunatics over the boom in P. & B.," said Bobby next morning when he met Walt in the corridor.

"Been over to the Exchange?" asked his chum.

"Sure. Just come from there. They're having a regular Injun war-dance on the floor."

"What's the latest price of P. & B.?"

"The figures on the blackboard said 85."

"That's good. I'd like to see it go to 90."

"What difference does it make to you?"

"All the difference in the world. I've got a few shares of it."

"The dickens you have! When did you buy it?"

"The other day."

"Then you got in before the boom?"

"Of course. You don't suppose I'd go in after it had crawled up ten or twelve points, do you? I leave that for people who have more time than I have."

"What did you give for it?"

"Don't you worry. I gave something less than it is now."

"Say, you're trying to make money too quick," replied Bobby, rather enviously.

"Well, I told you some time ago that I was bound to get rich, and so I am, if I break a leg doing it."

"No use asking you how many shares you have, I suppose?"

"No, Bobby, you'd only be wasting your breath. When it comes to business I'm as mute as a clam. Ta, ta, I must be off."

Walt started for the staircase and Bobby for his own office. There was all kinds of excitement on the Exchange that day, and it centered around P. & B.

When the price reached 90 Walt got his selling order in, and his 200 shares were disposed of at a fraction above that figure. Next day he found that his profits amounted to \$3,600.

"Mother," he said, when he walked into the kitchen where she was beginning the preparations for supper, "there's been another boom in the market."

"Has there?" she replied.

"Yes, and I was in it. How much do you suppose I made this time?"

"I have no idea. Have you really made some more money?" she asked, with a pleased smile.

"Sure, I have. Ever since I found that \$500 bill I've been out for the dough. This deal has brought me in \$3,600."

"Is it possible, Walter?" she exclaimed, astonished at the amount. "Why, how could you make so much?"

"By getting next to a cock-sure winner."

"It is simply wonderful how you have been making money of late. I really can't understand it. You've been employed in Wall Street nearly

three years and yet you never made anything outside of your wages before."

"That's because I did not have any capital to work with. You can't go into the market on nothing. That \$500 gave me my start. Now I'm worth \$5,100."

"Why, that's a fortune!"

"To us, yes, but it would be considered a mere bagatelle in Wall Street."

"There must be lots of money there."

"Heaps of it. Millionaires are nearly as common down there as paving blocks on our street."

#### CHAPTER V.—A Pointer on D. & G.

With a capital of \$5,000 in an envelope in the office safe Walter Bacon felt pretty gay now. He didn't get a swelled head over his success, however, like some boys would probably have done. He was blessed with a good fund of sound common sense, which now stood him in good stead. Bobby, noticing that P. & B. had gone up to 93, asked him if he was still holding on to the stock.

"No. I sold out two days ago," replied Walt.

"I suppose you made a good thing out of it?"

"Pretty good, considering my limited capital."

"You must be worth more than a thousand dollars now—maybe two," said Bobbie.

"I won't say that I'm not," replied Walt.

"I wish I was worth a thousand dollars," said Bobby, wistfully.

"Wishing for it won't bring it. I wished for \$100 about a hundred times and I didn't get it, just the same. If it hadn't been for that \$500 bill I found I would be wishing still and not be a bit nearer the mark."

"That was the luckiest thing in your life—to go fishing with me that afternoon. I suggested it, so you owe your luck to me."

"That's right. I did not think of that before. I guess you're entitled to something more than the mere honor of putting me on the road to good fortune. Will you be satisfied if I make you a present of \$100?"

"Will I? Bet your life I will! A hundred dollars looks as big as a mountain to me. In fact, it looks as big as a whole range of mountains."

"Then I'll have a \$100 bill for you when I meet you this afternoon after business hours."

"You're a brick, old man!"

"By the way, I've got a clue to the owner of that pocketbook I fished up."

"You have?"

"Yes. You remember I found the tintype of a pretty girl in it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I ran across that girl under rather unusual circumstances."

"The deuce you did! Was it her pocketbook?"

"I don't think so. It must belong to somebody she knows. I expect to trace the owner of the \$500 through her."

"And you intend to give that up, after finding it?"

"Why not? The owner has the best right to it."

"What good are his rights to a thing that was absolutely out of his reach?"

"No use arguing the matter, Bobby. I shall

turn the money over to any one who can establish his right to it."

"Where did you meet the young lady—the original of that tintype?"

"At the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets."

"Is she working in the district?"

"No. She's a school teacher."

"You were speaking to her, then?"

"Yes. Her name is Florence Mills, and she lives in West Ninety-third Street."

"Did you tell her about how you found the pocketbook?"

"No. I didn't identify her as the type girl until I got home and saw the picture again, though I was sure I had seen her before. I called at her home to tell her about the matter, but I found she and her mother had gone out of town on a vacation trip and are not expected back until the schools reopen in September."

"Oh, I see. In the meantime you'll be able to use that \$500, in connection with your own money, until you find out who owns it."

"I can, of course, but I don't intend to take any more chances with it. I'd feel like thirty cents if I had to admit that I lost it in the stock market."

The foregoing conversation had taken place while the two boys were eating their lunch at the restaurant they frequented. They walked back to the Hanover Building together and separated in the corridor. There was a note waiting for Walt to deliver, so he didn't even take off his hat, but hurried out again.

The address was the Mills Building, on Broad Street, and he hastened there. The elevator carried him to the sixth floor and the office he was bound for was on one of the side corridors. As he approached it he heard a boy's voice raised in expostulation with some one.

"Aw, shut up, or I'll give you a punch in the eye!" exclaimed another voice, that sounded very much like Packy Beagle's.

As Walt was turning the corner a small messenger boy was suddenly propelled toward him with considerable force. His head struck Walt in the chest and then he went down on the floor. Walt looked at the little fellow's aggressor and saw that it was Packy Beagle.

"What's the trouble?" Walt asked the boy.

"He shoved me, and he's been abusing me," replied the little lad, plaintively.

"You're a liar," snorted Packy. "I ain't been doin' nothin' to you."

"Yes, you have," persisted the small youth.

"It's just like you to be doing such a thing, you big coward," said Walt.

"Shut up! I don't want nothin' to do with you," snarled Packy.

He wasn't quite so aggressive as he was the morning he tripped Walt up at the Stock Exchange. Evidently the blow he received in the eye on that occasion had given him a wholesome respect for the boy he had assaulted.

"What do you mean by bullying this little fellow?" demanded Walt. "Why don't you tackle a fellow of your size?"

"It ain't none of your business to butt in where you ain't wanted," replied Packy, doggedly.

"Look here, Packy Beagle, are you looking for trouble? If you are I'll give you all you want of it right here. I owe you something,

anyway, for tripping me up in the entrance to the Stock Exchange, and I'd just as soon pay you now as any other time," said Walt, growing hot under the collar.

"Yah!" ejaculated Packy, throwing a vindictive glance at him. "I don't want nothin' to do with you."

"Then get a move on and let this boy alone. Where are you going?" he asked the small messenger.

"I'm going to Mr. Wakefield's office. He wouldn't let me pass."

"He'll let you pass now, all right. Go ahead."

The boy started and Parky made no effort to stop him.

"I'll get square with you, see if I don't!" said Beagle, as he walked off himself.

"Try and see how you'll come out," answered Walt, as he made for Parker & Co.'s office, a few feet away.

He delivered his note, and as there was no answer to it, he came out directly. As he walked along toward the main corridor he saw a blank envelope lying on the floor near where he and Packy had had their argument. He stooped and picked it up. His fingers told him that there was something inside of it. He opened the flap, which was only partly stuck, to see if the enclosure was of any importance. It contained a card with the name of Henry Placide printed on it, but with no address. Turning it over carelessly he saw there was something written in pencil on the back.

This is what he read:

"Dear B.: The melon I spoke to you about the other day is D. & G. Get busy. It will never be lower. In less than a week there will be something doing that will put a barrel of money in the pockets of the lucky ones. Don't let a good thing escape you. It's dollars to doughnuts it will go to 60. Yours, H. P."

Walt returned the card to the envelope and put the latter in his pocket.

"That has all the earmarks of a first-class pointer," said Walt to himself, as he hurried toward the elevator. "I wonder who B is? Henry Placide is evidently some man who has been tipped off to a coming rise in D. & G., and is passing the information on to his friend B. I'm afraid it is not likely to reach Mr. B. now, for his name and address are wanting. Whoever dropped this must have been very careless. At any rate, he has probably done me a good turn. I'll look up D. & G. when I get back to the office, see what it is ruling at, and try to find out if there's anything in the wind. I'd just as soon make a few thousands more as not. When a fellow is bound to get rich if he can, he can't afford to let any chances get by him. In the language of Wall Street, opportunity spells money."

Walt found that D. & G. was going at 45 and a fraction. He also discovered that it was lower now than it had been in more than a year. After thinking the matter over he decided to buy 500 shares right away, and if things looked more favorable he would buy some more. So when he was ready to go home he took \$2,600 out of the envelope he kept in the safe. He

found Bobby waiting for him in the corridor.

"Here's your \$100, Bobby," he said, handing it to him.

"Thanks, old man! You're all right!" said the delighted Burnside.

"Now, do you want to risk that bill on a little deal?" asked Walt. "I've got a tip on D. & G. I'm going to buy a few shares myself. That \$100 will get you twenty shares on a ten per cent. margin, or twenty on a five."

"I don't know," replied Bobby, doubtfully. "I never owned a \$100 bill before. I hate to part with it."

"Please yourself, chappie. I'm letting you in on a good thing, if you've got the nerve to connect with it."

"How much do you think I'll make, then?"

"If you buy twenty shares I think you'll make from \$200 to \$250 inside of ten days. I expect to cash in at that rate."

When the boys reached the bank Bobby hadn't made up his mind one way or the other, though the temptation to risk his money was great.

"Sit down there and think it over while I attend to my business," said Walt.

Bobby did so, and he envied the offhand way in which his chum approached the margin clerk and put in his order with his cash.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Walt, as soon as he had finished his business with the bank.

"I guess I'll get twenty shares," said Bobby.

"Then step up to the window and the clerk will attend to you."

Bobby passed his bill over with considerable reluctance, but he was ashamed to back out after going that far, so the deal was put through.

"Bobby," said Walt, solemnly, "you'll never see that bill again."

"Won't I?" replied his chum, with a look of alarm on his face. "I thought you said that—"

"If you win you'll see three others just like it, but that particular bill may be in Kalamazoo by that time."

"Oh," replied Bobby, with a sickly grin, "I see what you mean. Gee! You gave me quite a shock. I thought you meant something else."

"I shouldn't care to have a few like you as depositors if I had a bank," said Walt.

"Why not?"

"You take fright too easily."

Bobby made no reply, and they walked down the subway stairs and took a train for home.

#### CHAPTER VI.—Walt Calls On Florence Mills.

Next day D. & G. went up to 46, and though that was but half a point, Bobby was tickled to death. If it had gone down half a point he'd have had a fit. The following day was Saturday, and the stock closed at 47.

"I've made \$30 already, haven't I?" said Bobby, as he and Walt started for home.

"About that."

"If it goes up another point on Monday I'll be another \$20 ahead."

"Correct," laughed Walt.

"Gee! It's just like finding money, isn't it?"

## BOUND TO GET RICH

"It is, as long as the stock keeps going up."  
 "You expect it to keep on going up, don't you?"

"My expectations may not pan out."

"But you said—"

"I said D. & G. was a good thing, but I didn't say that it was absolutely sure. I never heard of anything being absolutely sure in Wall Street. Now, shut up about it, and let's talk on another subject."

Bobby watched the tape at every chance he got on Monday, but there was nothing doing to speak of in D. & G. On Tuesday the price dropped to 46, and Bobby acted so nervous that Mr. Sampson asked him what was the matter. When he met Walt that afternoon he wanted to sell out.

"Well, sell out, if you want to," replied his chum, impatiently. "Nobody is stopping you."

"It's gone down to 46."

"What if it has? It will go up again in a day or two."

"I don't believe you know anything about it."

"All right, then, don't bother me. We'll go to the bank now and you can tell the clerk to sell your twenty shares."

"I guess I won't sell," replied Bobby.

"Then don't talk about it any more."

After fluctuating between 46 and 47 for two days, D. & G. took a jump to 49. On the following day Walt bought 500 more shares at 50. Before three o'clock the stock was going at 53. Next day everybody was going wild over the rise in the stock. Bobby was sent to the Exchange several times that day with notes to the junior partner, Merrill. Every time he got there D. & G. was quoted higher. At length it reached 58, just as Bobby arrived on his fourth visit. He saw the figures on the blackboard, and a moment later it was sold at 58 1-8.

"Hurrah!" he yelled, in great glee.

"Aw, shut up!" said a surly voice in his ear. "Do you think you're at a ball game?"

"Mind your own business, Packy Beagle," Bobby retorted, turning around.

"Don't you give me none of your lip, or I'll push your face in!" snarled Packy.

"You had better not touch me, if you know when you're well off."

"What'll you do?" sneered Packy.

One of the other messengers slipped behind Bobby and shoved him against Beagle. Packy jabbed Walt's chum in the ear. Bobby, mad as a hornet, punched the bully in the stomach and gave him a shove. Another messenger who had been abused by Packy gave him a sly kick on the shins. Beagle, with a roar of anger, started for Bobby, when an attendant appeared, caught him by the collar and gave him a couple of good cuffs.

"Just wait till I catch you outside," said Packy after the scrap had cooled down, shaking his fist at Bobby.

At that moment Mr. Merrill came up, took the note from his messenger's hand, read it and dismissed him with a nod. At that moment a D. & G. quotation of 59 went up on the board. As soon as Bobby got outside he made a bee-line for the little bank on Nassau Street. There was a line at the margin clerk's window, and he had to wait his turn.

Finally he reached the window and told the clerk to sell him out. His order was taken and he was told that it would be executed right away.

Then he went back to the office as happy as a lark, but he got a calling down for being out so long. Walt, in the meantime, tried to reach the bank, too, but he didn't get there until half-past two, at which time D. & G. was going at 61 1-2.

He sold out his 1,000 shares at that figure. Later on the two boys met on the street as they were both coming from the Manhattan National Bank, where their employers deposited their receipts.

"I sold out at 59," cried Bobby, "and I've made \$13.50 a share."

"I sold out around 61."

"I thought you were going to sell at 58?"

"That was my intention, but I was so busy I couldn't get to the bank."

"So much the better for you."

Next day when Walt got his check from the bank he found he was worth \$18,500.

He gave each of his sisters \$100 for a present, and he handed his mother \$1,000 to put in a saving for herself. After the D. & G. boom was over trading was more or less dull in Wall Street during July and August. On the first of September Walt went up to Ninety-third Street again to see if Florence Mills had returned from the country. The schools were to open in a week, and the young messenger guessed it was about time for her to be in the city. When he reached the flat house he asked the janitor, whom he saw smoking at the head of the steps leading down to his apartments, if Miss Mills and her mother had got back yet.

"Yes," replied the janitor, "they returned Saturday. Push the button under their name in the vestibule and if they are in they will open the door for you to enter."

So Walt pushed the button, and presently he heard the familiar "click, click," of the door wire, and he walked into the lower hall. Then he walked up two flights. At the head of the second flight he saw a female figure.

"Who is it?" asked the voice of Miss Mills.

Walt glanced up and she recognized him at once.

"Why, Mr. Bacon!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Is that you? Come right up. I am very glad to see you," and she held out her hand.

"And I am very glad to see you, Miss Mills," he said, noticing that she looked very much stronger and healthier than when he first met her on Wall Street. "You must excuse me for calling on you without an invitation, but—"

"Oh, don't mention it," she cried. "I am delighted that you have called. Mother will be very pleased to meet you. Come right in," and she led him into their cozy little parlor. "How did you find me out? I have thought of you often, and I wondered if I should ever see you again. I intended to write to your office and ask you to call."

"I wrote to the secretary of the Board of Education for your address, and he sent it to me. That was a few days after we met on Wall Street. I called here, but the janitor told me that the flat was shut up, as you and your mother had gone into the country to spend the vacation term. As I thought it was about time for

you to be back I called again this evening, and have been so fortunate as to find you at home."

"It is awfully kind of you to call. Wait a moment till I tell mother that you are here."

While she was gone Walt took in the parlor. It was neatly and tastefully fitted up, with no pretensions as to style. A large rug covered most of the floor, and an upright piano stood against the wall opposite the fireplace. In a few minutes Miss Mills returned.

"Mother will be in presently," she said, taking a seat beside him on the lounge. "Do you live in Manhattan yourself, or—"

"Yes, I live at No. — 120th Street, Harlem."

After Miss Mills had spoken about the nice time she and her mother had had in the country, Walt introduced the object of his visit.

"Now, Miss Mills, he said, "you may remember that on the occasion I made your acquaintance on Wall Street I remarked that your face was somewhat familiar to me, but I couldn't seem to place you."

"Yes, I recollect that you were under the impression that you had seen me before, but I thought you must be mistaken."

"Well, I had seen you before—that is, I had seen your picture."

"My picture!" she exclaimed, in some surprise.

"It is either your picture or that of a young lady who looks so much like you that she could easily be mistaken for your twin sister. I have brought it with me for you to pass on it."

Thus speaking, Walt produced the tintype he had found in the water-soaked pocketbook and handed it to her.

"Where did you get this?" she asked in an astonished tone.

"It is your photograph, then?"

"It is. I received a dozen from the photographer, but ten of them were destroyed through an accident. This is the mate of the only remaining one, which I have in a drawer where I keep my trinkets, and my father, before his death, carried it about in an old red pocketbook which he lost one day when out fishing somewhere down near Staten Island. The loss of the pocketbook was something of a misfortune to us, as it contained a \$500 bill which father had drawn from a savings bank that day, and represented all the money he had in the world. Can it be possible that you found that pocketbook, Mr. Bacon? And yet, how could you, when father said that it fell out of his pocket into the stream and sank in the marsh? Perhaps you will explain how that picture came into your possession?"

"That's what I came here to do. I found your father's pocketbook."

## CHAPTER VII.—Walt's Night Adventure.

Miss Mills received Walt's statement with unfeigned amazement.

"You found my father's pocketbook!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I'll tell you how it happened. I found it in a marshy branch of the Kill von Kull on Decoration Day. My chum and I were fishing down there that afternoon. I had no luck with the fish and in disgust I let my line drag on the

bottom of the stream. When I pulled it up an old, red, water-soaked pocketbook was attached to one of the hooks. I opened it. I found in it some newspaper clippings, which I threw away, that tintype, which I put in my pocket because the face attracted me, and a \$500 bill. There was nothing about the wallet to give me a clue to the owner, so I tossed it back into the water. That's the whole story."

"My goodness! That is certainly remarkable. And then to think that you, who had found my father's pocketbook, should a short time afterward save my life! That is still more extraordinary."

"A sort of coincidence. Well, Miss Mills, I am ready to restore that \$500, now that I have found the rightful owner."

"Dear me! I don't think we could accept it, Mr. Bacon, under the circumstances. I think you are clearly entitled to retain it, and I am sure that will be mother's opinion, too. Besides, I am under such an obligation to you that—"

"Miss Mills, I must insist on returning you the money. You will not object to taking it when I assure you that your father's bill has been the means of my making over \$18,000 in the stock market, since the day I found it."

"Is it possible!"

"It is a fact," and Walt gave her a rapid sketch of his three stock operations.

"What a smart boy you must be!" she said, with an admiring glance at him.

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Mills," he said, laughingly. Mrs. Mills now made her appearance, and Florence introduced Walt to her. She immediately took advantage of the chance to thank him for saving her daughter from being run down by the cab on Wall Street that day, and added that she and Florence would be happy to have him call as often as he felt disposed to do so.

"Mother," said the young school teacher, "you remember that pocketbook that father lost the day he went fishing down the bay?"

"I ought to remember it, as its loss was a serious matter to us, especially as your poor father died soon after."

"Well, mother, Mr. Bacon found that pocketbook, with the money and my tintype in it. It was my resemblance to the picture that caused him to believe that the money belonged to us. I didn't want to take it from him, but he insisted that I should, so here it is," and Florence handed her mother the \$500 bill that Walt had given her. Of course Walt had to tell his singular story over again in order to satisfy Mrs. Mills' curiosity as to how the pocketbook had come in his possession. She declared that it was truly remarkable that he, after finding the pocketbook in such an odd way, should be the one to save her daughter's life.

"Oh, I guess it would take a pretty big book to record all the curious things that have happened since the world opened up for business," laughed Walt. The boy spent a very pleasant evening with Mrs. Mills and her daughter. Florence played on the piano and sang for him, and when he finally rose to go they gave him a cordial invitation to call soon again.

"So the pocketbook was the property of her father," said Walt to himself, on his way to the

station. "Well, I'm glad of that. I was afraid that—" That was as far as he got, for at that moment two men and a stout boy rushed upon him from the shelter of a doorway, where they had been hiding, and one of them struck him a blow alongside the head with his fist that stretched him unconscious on the sidewalk. The footpads went through the senseless boy, taking his watch and chain and loose change, after which they shoved him into the area of a private house and decamped. An hour later Walt came to his senses. The effects of the blow on the head made him feel pretty groggy. He soon realized that he was the victim of a hold-up job—that everything of value about his person had been taken.

"I'll have to report this outrage at the nearest police station," he muttered. With this purpose in view he started, as he supposed, for Columbus Avenue, to inquire his way to the station. It happened, however, that in his partly dazed state he walked in the opposite direction. He passed the flat house he had just come from without noticing the fact, and kept on toward the river. It was about eleven o'clock and the street was deserted. After he had walked two blocks he began to wonder where he was. The neighborhood was unfamiliar to him, and he saw nothing of the elevated railroad tracks that ran along Columbus Avenue. He leaned up against a fence surrounding a big lot and tried to think and get his bearings. The fence happened to be weak at that point and gave way under his weight. He tumbled in a heap into the lot and lost his senses again. He lay there dead to the world for a couple of hours. He was in a state of considerable mental confusion when he came around again. Staggering to his feet, he started to walk across the lot without any definite idea where he was going. The cool night air gradually cleared his brain as he went forward, and he was soon able to patch together the unpleasant events of the night.

"What I should like to know is, where the dickens have I got to?" he asked himself. That he was wandering about a vacant lot was clear. It ran completely through the block from one street to the other, and in width was equal to half a dozen city lots. Stopping to take an observation he saw a rude one-story shanty before him. Through a large knot-hole a dull light shone. That satisfied Walt that there was somebody in there, and he decided to ask the occupant to give him his bearings. There was no telling what kind of a reception he might get if the occupant should happen to be a tough customer.

So he cautiously approached the knot-hole and looked inside. Two hard-looking men and a boy were seated around a dilapidated table, playing cards. Illumination was furnished by a small common kerosene lamp, shadeless, which stood in the center of the table, flanked by a tin can that would comfortably hold a quart of beer. As Walt applied his eye to the hole one of the men took up the can, and after giving the contents a rotary motion, applied it to his lips and took a deep draught. When Walt's eyes rested on the boy he gave a start of surprise. He recognized him as Packy Beagle, Carter Buchanan's messenger. With a pack of

dirty cards in his hands, which he was dexterously shuffling, his hat perched on the back of his head, a cigarette, mostly consumed, between his lips, a small pile of silver coin at his elbow and a satisfied smirk on his pock-marked countenance, he seemed to be holding his own very well, indeed.

As the boy began to deal the cards a strong suspicion that the three persons inside were the ones who had assaulted and laid him out that evening forced itself upon Walt's mind. He had only caught a fleeting glimpse of the rascals before he was done up, but he knew one of them was a boy, and Packy answered the description pretty well. Beagle picked up his hand, looked at it, while each of the men shoved a small coin toward the center of the table and called for two cards each. Packy pushed a similar coin toward the others and then dealt each of the men what they asked for, taking only one himself. One of the men pulled a dollar bill from his pocket and threw it into the pot, the other man scratched his chin and finally, after a pause, pulled a watch from his pocket and shoved it forward. Walt identified that watch as his own.

"That settles it," he said to himself. "these are the chaps who robbed me. I'm thinking Packy has put his foot in it this time." Beagle saw the ante and went a dollar better. The first man pulled Walt's chain out of his pocket and shoved it in as security for one dollar. The other tapped the watch as an indication he was in another dollar, and called for a show of the cards. Packy displayed four tens and an ace. His hand won, and his opponents each uttered an imprecation of disappointment. The boy shoved the watch back, and told the rascal that he owed him two dollars. An argument followed as to the value of the chain, which Packy finally took possession of after handing its late possessor three dollars. The game then broke up, Beagle saying that it was time for him to go home.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—Pushing a Charge and What Became of It.

As soon as Packy Beagle left the shanty Walt followed him at a sufficient distance to keep him in sight. Buchanan's messenger turned eastward along Ninety-second Street, and Walt shadowed him to a cheap flat on Amsterdam Avenue. Waiting long enough to give Packy time to get upstairs, Walt entered the vestibule of the flat and, striking a match, secured the number of the house. He also looked at the names on the letter-boxes and saw that the Beagle family occupied the top flat on the south side.

"I've got to locate that police station now, sure," thought Walt, as he walked toward the corner of Ninety-third Street. "It must be late, for the saloons are closed." He started up Ninety-third Street at a swinging pace, but there was not a soul in sight. He went clear to the elevated station without seeing any one.

"I'll have to try the night ticket agent and see if he knows where the station is," thought Walt, starting up the stairs to the elevated station. He told his story to the ticket man,

and that person told him that the nearest police station was in 100th Street, west of Columbus Avenue. Walt thanked him and walked up there. When he reached 100th Street he saw two green lamps in front of a building a short distance down the block. He knew that was the station and hurried there. He rehearsed his adventure to the man at the desk. A detective was summoned from an inner room and Walt went over his story again for his benefit. Another officer was called into the case, and at the detective's request Walt led the way to the shanty in the lot. The door was forced and the two rascals were found inside. They were searched and Walt's watch found on one of them. They were handcuffed together and marched to the station by the policeman. Walt and the detective then went to the Beagle flat in Amsterdam Avenue and aroused the inmates. Securing an entrance to the flat, the detective arrested Packy, to the consternation as well as indignation of his relatives. A search of his pockets revealed Walt's watch chain. He was taken to the station and locked up. Walt then went home, after promising to appear at the police court in the morning to prosecute the three rascals. It was after three when he entered his flat, and his mother and sisters were in a state of great anxiety over his failure to return home in season. They were not a little disturbed by his story, but he laughed at their fears and trotted off to bed. After breakfast he wrote a note to the cashier of his office and took it around to Bobby's flat for him to deliver. His chum was much astonished to learn what he had been through the night before. When Walt got back home he found the captain of a West Side election district waiting to see him. The political gentleman had called to see if Walt wouldn't withdraw his charge against Packy, Mr. Beagle Senior being a voter and worker of his district. Walt refused to entertain such a proposition. The man said:

"Oh, come, now, the easiest way is the best. I'm satisfied you have made a mistake in this thing. He had no hand in assaulting you. Remember, if you push your charge against him you may ruin an innocent boy for life."

"I think he is ruining himself without any help from me. Look at the company he keeps. Besides, as I intend to push the matter against those two men, Packy is involved, no matter how you look at it. If he was the only one in the case I might decline to prosecute; but, as the affair stands, the three are tarred with the same brush." The captain went away without having accomplished his object. When the case was called in the police court that morning the prisoners were present. So also was Walt, the district captain, and another man. While Walt was making his way to the witness chair the other man had an interview with the judge. Walt told a plain, straightforward story.

"Can you swear positively that the prisoners at the bar were the persons who attacked you on Ninety-third Street?" asked the judge.

"I cannot; but I can swear two men and a boy did the trick, and my property was found in the possession of two of the prisoners."

"Which two?"

Walt pointed to Packy and the biggest man.

"Who found your property on them?"

"Detective Morton, who went with me and arrested the prisoners."

"You are willing to swear that this watch and chain are yours?" asked the judge.

"I am. My monogram is on the case." The magistrate examined the monogram.

"What are your initials?"

"W. J. B."

The detective was the next witness, and he was followed by the policeman. The prisoners were then asked what they had to say for themselves. The big rascal accounted for the watch being in his possession by declaring that he had found it on the sidewalk in Ninety-third Street, and had given the chain to his companion, who, in turn, had lost it to Packy in the game of poker. The big rascal's companion swore he had seen his associate pick the watch up, and had asked him for the chain, and got it. Packy swore that he had not been in Ninety-third Street at all, but had met the two men at the shanty. They had told him about the finding of the watch and chain on the sidewalk, and he had won the chain from the smaller man. The magistrate decided that there was not sufficient evidence to hold the prisoners for highway robbery, and ordered the charge changed to "having stolen property in their possession," on which count he ordered them to be transferred to the Tombs. Walt did not get his watch and chain back, as they were to be turned over to the property clerk at headquarters, pending the final adjustment of the case. On his way out of the court he was halted by the district captain and his companion.

"Well," said the captain, "I told you that you were mistaken about the boy having any hand in robbing you. He gave a perfectly satisfactory reason for having your property in his possession. So did the men. When they come up for trial on the new charge they are bound to be discharged. There isn't a bit of evidence against them. As soon as they're taken to the Tombs they'll be let out on bail, and that's about all there'll be to it. You might better not have pushed the charge, for in that case you would probably have got your watch back at once. Now you'll have to wait for it until the charge against them is dismissed." With a sardonic grin the captain and his companion walked off.

"It looks as if I've come out at the small end of the horn," grumbled Walt to himself. "I'm satisfied those three rascals are guilty of the assault and robbery, but the trouble is I can't prove it, so they'll probably get clean off."

#### CHAPTER IX—Walt Adds to His Capital, and Helps Miss Mills to Do the Same.

Before he went home that afternoon Walt wrote a letter to Florence Mills detailing all that happened to him after leaving the flat. He also told her how the matter had been disposed of at the police court. In the meantime he had related the circumstances to his employer. Mr. Fairbanks was satisfied that the accused were guilty, but admitted that it was not likely they would be punished, as there was no corroborative evidence against them, and the circumstantial

part was not sustaining enough to impress a magistrate. Two days later Walt received a dainty note from Miss Florence in which she told him how sorry she was to learn that he had been attacked and robbed after leaving her home, and she tendered her and her mother's sympathy. She added that she hoped the unfortunate incident would not prevent him from visiting them soon again, signing herself, "Very sincerely your friend, Florence." Two weeks later, while Walt was out on an errand, an unexpected shower of rain obliged him to take shelter in a doorway on Exchange Place. Two gentlemen also sought shelter in the adjoining doorway. Walt soon heard them discussing a certain stock called S. & L.

"If you want to make a stake, Fordham," said one of the gentlemen, "you'll make no mistake in buying a few thousand shares of S. & L. It's selling unusually low in the market for a gilt-edge security, and can't remain long at that figure. The moment the market takes a brace it will go up. It pays a quarterly dividend of 1 1-2 per cent. on its par value, which is equivalent to 2 per cent. on its present market value. It is good either as a speculative venture or a permanent investment. I advise you to get in on it without delay. I don't believe it will go a point lower at the outside."

Walt listened to them discuss the matter, and the gentleman named Fordham finally said that he agreed with his companion that S. & L. was a good thing to buy, and that he intended to purchase a couple of thousand shares at once. After the rain let up and Walt went on his way again he began to seriously consider the advisability of buying the stock himself. As soon as he got back to the office he looked it up and saw that the stock was selling at .80.

"I could get 2,000 shares, but it would take nearly all my money," he mused. "Still, as long as it's a pretty safe investment, I'm not running much of a risk."

Before getting in on it he decided to make inquiries of Mr. Fairbanks, as well as of several well-known brokers he knew well enough to approach. The result of his investigations was so favorable that he brought 2,000 shares. He wrote Florence Mills and told her that he thought if she invested \$400 in 50 shares of the stock she would make a little money. He offered to put the deal through for her. On the following afternoon she came downtown to see him about the matter. He showed her the evidence that he had himself gone the whole hog on the stock, and explained all his reasons for taking the risk. Florence was favorably impressed by Walt's arguments. Besides, she had the utmost confidence in his honesty and smartness. She opened her wallet and took out \$400, which she handed to him.

"Buy me 50 shares, and when you sell your own stock sell mine, too. I rely entirely on your judgment. I shall not scold you if luck should happen to go against me. If you can afford to risk \$16,000 on the stock, surely I can afford to risk \$400. I am sure you are very kind indeed to put me in the way of making a little money."

"You are quite welcome, Miss Florence. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to do anything for you."

"Thank you," she replied, with a smile. "Well, I must not bother you any more to-day, so I will take my leave."

"You are not bothering me. I am practically through for the day."

"As early as this?"

"Yes. We messengers have pretty good hours, but it's generally a case of hustle from nine to three. I suppose you go home by the elevated?"

"Yes."

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes I'll go uptown with you; that is, if you do not object to my company."

"I should be very happy to have your escort," she replied, with a charming smile.

Walt went into the counting room to see if the cashier wanted him to remain any longer, and finding that he did not, he returned to Florence and announced that he was ready to go with her. They walked up to Broadway, then down to the big office building that connected with both of the elevated lines. They boarded a Sixth Avenue train and were soon speeding uptown. Walt got off at Ninety-third Street with the young school teacher, and saw her to her door.

"Won't you come upstairs a minute and see mother?" she asked. Walt wasn't sure whether he could or not, but permitted himself to be persuaded. He remained fifteen minutes and then started for home after making an engagement to take Florence to the theatre on Friday evening. Next morning he bought the 50 shares of S. & L. for Miss Mills, at 80. The market remained pretty much the same as it had been for the past two weeks until Friday, when prices began to stiffen and S. & L. advanced two points by three o'clock when the Exchange closed. So Walt had good news to carry to Florence when he called that evening to take her down to the Empire Theatre.

"Omitting the matter of commission, Miss Florence," he said, "you've made \$100 so far on your little deal."

"Isn't that lovely!" she exclaimed. "And you must have made forty times as much as that, which is \$4,000."

"About that," he replied.

Walt thought Florence unusually pretty that evening in her theater gown, with a white feather boa thrown over her shoulders, while she was very proud of the escort of such a stalwart, good-looking boy, who paid her every attention that a girl could look for.

Next day S. & L. went up another point in the course of the two-hour session. During the fore part of the week it sagged back to 82 3-8, and then went up to 84.

"I haven't heard you talk stocks for three months," said Bobby, one day that week. "You haven't quit the market, have you?"

"No, I've only been lying low and watching for something to turn up."

"That means you're on the lookout for another tip?"

"That's right," replied Walt, who did not consider it necessary to tell Bobby that he was playing S. & L. at that moment.

"Well, if you get hold of one, let me know. I'd like to add my little pile."

"Seems to me you're getting reckless all at once," laughed his chum.

"No, but I don't mind getting in on a good thing."

"You're not the only one down here who is looking for easy money. I think you had better keep out of the market."

"Why? Do you want to make all the money yourself?"

"I'm not likely to get away with any too much. You needn't worry."

"I'd like to be worth a quarter of what you have made since you started in."

"You haven't any idea what I've made."

"Oh, I can guess. You've made all of six or seven thousand."

"I won't say that I haven't; but that isn't so much."

"Not for a broker, but for a messenger boy it's a fortune."

"Would you be satisfied with that much?"

"Would I? Bet your life I would!"

"I'd bet your life that you wouldn't. You'd be looking around for a chance to double it."

"Like you're doing?"

"Exactly. The more a fellow has the more he wants. That's why so many of the lambs, who happen to be fortunate in their first speculation, hang around the Street until in the end they go broke."

Bobby knew that was a fact, for he'd seen unnumbered examples of the fact in his own office.

When Saturday came around again, S. & L. was going 87 3-8, and at that figure Walt ordered his stock and Florence's sold. It was done before the Exchange closed at noon, and then Walt knew that he had cleared a matter of \$14,000 on the deal, while Miss Mills' profits on her 50 shares amounted to \$360. He saw her Sunday evening and promised to bring the money to her next evening. He kept his word, and at the same time he told her that he was now worth about \$31,000.

"You're the only one who knows that," said Walt, "for I like to keep my business to myself; but somehow or another I've made an exception in your case. I don't know why I've told you, unless it is because—well, because I like you."

Florence blushed a little and said she appreciated his confidence.

#### CHAPTER X.—A Big Deal in Copper

About three weeks after Walt added the \$14,000 to his pile Packy Beagle and his two rascally associates were brought to the bar of the court of Special Sessions. Walt was the only important witness against them, and even his testimony, which he had to confine solely to events that followed the robbery, failed to convict the accused. Walt got his watch back, and with that he had to be content. Packy himself began to get a little flippy with Walt again, as he had before he got that crack in the Stock Exchange.

"That chap seems to have forgotten the lesson I gave him," said Walt, remarking on the matter to Bobby. He's grown uncommonly cocky since he got out of that scrape, and it looks to me only like a matter of a short time before we have another mix-up."

"Don't forget to put in a couple of welts for me," said Bobby.

Our young messenger now had a safe deposit box to keep his money in, as he did not consider it prudent to keep such a large sum as \$31,000 in the office safe.

He kept a close watch on the market, and soon saw a chance to buy M. & O. at a low price. He purchased 3,000 shares at 62, and when it went to 66 he sold out, and cleared about \$11,500, which raised his capital to \$42,000. The day after he sold, the stock fell back to 64, and he congratulated himself on his alertness in getting out at the right moment. Walt now felt that with the capital he had acquired he could afford to take chances that he never would have dared to take before. One day he was sent on an errand to a mining broker's office in Broad Street, and while waiting to be admitted to the private office of the trader he overheard two brokers talking about the prospects of a certain copper mine in the Northwest. The gentlemen who were conversing did not make any secret about the matter under discussion. A day or two later Walt was sent with a note to the secretary of the Mining Exchange. While in the room he heard a gentleman tell the secretary that there would be something doing in Montana Copper in a few days that would get the Curb by the ears. That remark which he caught as it were on the fly, set him thinking more earnestly than ever about this stock. Finally Walt decided to purchase 1,000 shares of the stock outright. The certificates cost him \$10,000, and when he got them he put them in his safe deposit box. That night he dreamed that he had bought the controlling interest in the mine; that it advanced to 100, and the papers called him the young copper king.

"That was a funny dream," he said to himself when he woke up in the morning. "I wouldn't mind having such a dream come true."

That morning Bobby was laid up with a bad cold and didn't go downtown, so Walt went to the station alone and boarded the express. At the Grand Central station two men got aboard the train and one of them took the vacant seat near Walt, who was absorbed in the morning paper, while the other had to stand up and hold on to a strap. Everybody who has ridden on the subway trains know that they make such a noise when in motion that conversation can scarcely be carried on in ordinary tones. The two men in question seemed to be unused to the underground route, and in trying to talk they raised their voices even louder than those who had grown accustomed to the racket of the wheels. Walt would have paid no attention to them, but for the fact that the words "Montana Copper" suddenly reached his ears. The name of that mine acted like magic on him, and he trained his sharp ears to try and hear what they had to say about the mine.

"Now, Andrews, this morning you visit the offices on Broad between Wall and Exchange Place, and I'll take in those below. Then you take in Exchange Place towards Hanover, while I'll work the brokers between Broad and New. The closing figure of Montana Copper yesterday, as you know, was 9 7-8. At an average price of 10 we ought to round up a majority of the shares

there are in New York between this and Saturday. When the harvest sets in next week there will be a lot of sore heads in the districts. If the price doesn't go to 35 or higher within ten days I'll be willing to jump off the Battery."

Walt listened to those words in a suppressed fever of excitement. He was beginning to get an inkling of what was going to happen to Montana Copper, and he was eager to learn more on the same subject. By the time the train reached Fourteenth Street, which was the next stopping place, he had heard enough to assure him that a boom in M. C. was inevitable, and that these men were acting in the interests of a copper syndicate in Chicago. That day Walt went to a big mining broker and gave him an order to purchase 20,000 shares of Montana Copper on margin, putting up \$20,000 as security. That left him \$12,000 to protect his interests with.

"Who do you represent, young man?" asked the trader, looking keenly at Walt.

"I represent cash," replied the boy, placing his money on the desk.

"Just so," chuckled the broker, who did not believe his statement. "I will make the deal out in your name. That's what you mean, isn't it?" he added, counting the money.

"Certainly. I don't see any one else to recognize."

"What is your address?"

"I work for Douglas Fairbanks, of the Hanover Building."

The broker made a note of the fact, and winked a big wink. Clearly, in his mind, it was Broker Fairbanks who was actually making the deal. That fact was nothing to him, however. He had the cash advance and was sure of his commission and other expenses, no matter who was at the back of the matter. He carried the money and the memorandum to his cashier, and presently returned with a paper, which he turned over to Walt.

"So you say this is a private deal of yours?" he grinned, as he handed the paper to Walt.

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty large transaction for a messenger boy, isn't it?"

"I'll admit it is."

"Did your grandmother die and leave you the money?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't save it out of your wages?" said the trader jocosely.

"Hardly," laughed Walt. "We don't get princely salaries, but we earn all we do get."

"I presume your employer doesn't know he has such a wealthy messenger?" chuckled the trader.

"I haven't told him, and as all stock deals are confidential, I don't think you are likely to send him word."

"Oh, no. Certainly not. I am very much obliged to you for putting such a nice little order in my way. A commission of \$5,000 is not to be sneezed at, even when it comes through a messenger boy."

"You are welcome. I hope you will get busy at once and gather in those shares before the price advances."

"I will go out at once and get them. So you are looking for a rise in Montana Copper, eh?"

"Well, I'm not putting up \$20,000 for fun, Mr. Blake," said Walt, rising. "Good morning."

"He is all right," chuckled the broker, as he reached for his own hat. "I wonder what's in the wind about Montana Copper? If Mr. Fairbanks sent that boy here, as I'm sure he did, he must be buying it either for himself, or some big customer. Whoever is putting up the money is working on a pointer. Whether the tip is worth anything is the next question. On my own judgment I should say nit."

Thus speaking, the broker went out to buy the stock.

#### CHAPTER XI.—A Screw Works Loose With Walt.

Next day Montana Copper jumped to 13. Walt immediately sold the 1,000 shares he had bought outright, and made a profit on them of \$2,700. He took the money around to Broker Blake and gave him an order to buy 10,000 more shares at 13 or thereabouts. The trader was clearly surprised.

"Have you come into some more money, young man?" he chuckled.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are putting it all up on copper. You must have a tip."

"Maybe I have," laughed Walt.

"I don't see where you could get inside information on Montana Copper. Instead of buying 10,000 more shares I should think you'd be taking profit on the 20,000 you bought yesterday," said the broker, trying to worm some information out of the boy.

"If I did that you'd lose \$2,500 more commission," replied Walt.

"That's quite true," said the trader. "I won't say another word."

Broker Blake found some difficulty in securing the stock to fill Walt's order, and he was somewhat surprised at that, for the stock had been almost a drug on the market for the last few months. He began to realize that something was in the wind. Walt had allowed him a leeway of one point above the market, but after securing 5,000 shares he could not get another share under 15. He notified Walt, and the boy sent him word back to give 15, and he'd make it good, which he did later on. Walt was lucky to get the balance of the stock at 15, for before the Curb closed business for the day the price had advanced to 16 1-2, an unusually high figure for Montana Copper.

The mining brokers by this time were all agog over the unexpected rise in the stock, and many traders who had small lots in their possession refused to sell, now that it looked as if there was a boom on. Next morning the papers came out filled with rumors about Montana Copper, and gave various reasons for the rise, none of which were correct.

The attention of the whole Curb market, as well as the Jersey City Mining Exchange, was by this time fully aroused, and as soon as business opened for the day there was a great rush to buy M. C. shares. None was to be gotten under 17, and very little even at that price, so that inside of an hour 20 was bid, without bring-

ing many shares to the surface. During the day crowds of people gathered about the Curb market and watched the excited traders yelling and hustling about from one group to another. Only one subject seemed of general interest, and that was copper.

Although Walt had expected to make a good thing out of Montana Copper, he did not realize the tremendous piece of luck he had tumbled into until he began to figure up how he stood at noon that day. On his first deal of 20,000 shares he could easily realize \$200,000. On his second deal—half of which had cost him 15, and the balance 13 and 14—he could pull out \$58,000. The expenses of the whole investment up to that moment would not exceed \$8,000. Consequently, he could have sold out then at a profit of a quarter of a million. It was enough to turn the head of a boy even as cool as Walt. He had walked into the office a few minutes before, as steady as a judge, after executing an errand. When he had made the figures that showed him where he stood he looked at them spellbound, like a dazed boy.

Then for the first time in his life his self-possession gave way. He uttered a wild whoop that startled the office, and commenced to execute a war dance around his chair. The customers in the room looked at him in astonishment. So did the cashier, who ran to the counting room door to see what was the matter. So also did Mr. Fairbanks, who opened the door of his private room and glanced out. Nobody could tell what was the matter with the boy. Those who didn't know him thought he was crazy and got as far away from him as they could. The broker, the cashier, and the clerks thought he had hurt himself, or that he had accidentally ignited a box of matches in his pocket.

Before any one could approach him for an explanation, Walt dashed out of the office like a wild boy, tore down the stairs to the street, and made a bee-line for Broad street. In his excitement he intended to order all his shares sold. Had he done so at that moment he would have broken the price and done himself up to a great extent.

Broker Blake's office was on the ground floor, three steps below the street level. As Walt flew for the door he stepped on a banana peel, or something else of a slippery nature, and pitched head-first down the stairs, fetching up against the door with a bang that laid him out as stiff as a dead body. The accident was witnessed by fifty people, and great excitement ensued. He was picked up, but his condition looked so bad that an ambulance was sent for. Mr. Blake came along at the time and recognized him. He called two of his clerks and ordered them to carry the boy into his private room and lay him on the lounge. He then despatched a note by his messenger to Douglas Fairbanks' office with an explanation of what happened. And while this was taking place, Broad Street was going crazy over Montana Copper, which was now selling at 22.

When Mr. Fairbanks received Broker Blake's note he despatched his cashier to look after Walt. The cashier arrived in time to see an ambulance driven up and the surgeon enter Mr. Blake's office. He followed, and was soon looking

down on the white face of the unconscious boy. No one could tell him just how the accident had happened, as those who had witnessed it had either gone away or were outside.

"Something extraordinary has happened to the lad," the cashier said to Broker Blake. "He acted as if he had a crazy fit in our office ten minutes or so ago, then without any reason at all he dashed out of the door and from the building and we had no idea where he went until Mr. Fairb 'ks received your note."

"Didn't Mr. Fairbanks send him with a message to my office?" asked the broker.

"No."

Broker Blake whistled softly. The surgeon was working over Walt, but could not bring him to his senses.

"I'll have to carry him to the hospital for examination. His skull may be fractured, though I can't find any evidence of it, or he may be suffering from concussion of the brain, which is quite possible."

So Walt was carried out to the ambulance and lifted aboard. The cashier, finding he could do nothing, took the name of the hospital and went back to report to Mr. Fairbanks, who was very much concerned when he heard the particulars, and telephoned the hospital to let him know the exact condition of his messenger as soon as the head surgeon had examined him.

Walt was carried to the hospital and put to bed. The head surgeon then examined him, but could not determine whether he was seriously injured or not. His impression was that the boy would pull out in an hour or so. If he didn't, then a second examination would be necessary. This report was sent to Mr. Fairbanks.

So while Walt lay senseless on the bed at the hospital Montana Copper went up to 30, at which figure it closed for the day, with every indication of higher prices on the morrow.

## CHAPTER XII.—Walt Gets Rich at Last

Walt remained about four hours in an unconscious state, and then he came to himself of his own accord. He gazed around the hospital ward in dumbfounded amazement. About half the beds were occupied with patients, and there was a uniformed nurse at the end of the small room. Walt was also conscious that he had a splitting headache. The nurse had instructions to attend to the boy if he came to his senses and as soon as she noticed him sitting up and looking around she came over to his bed.

"Hello!" cried Walt. "What does this mean? Looks as if I was in a hospital. What happened to me? I don't remember being run over, or a safe dropping on my head, or anything else occurring to me. But I've got a swell headache, all right. What's the matter with me?"

"Lie down. Don't excite yourself. The doctor will be here presently and will examine you again."

"Examine me again! Can't you tell what's the matter with me?" asked Walt, in some excitement, for matters looked both strange and serious to him.

The nurse finally persuaded him to lie down

again without an explanation. Walt began to feel of his limbs and body to see if he could determine himself where he was injured, but he felt no pain anywhere but in the head, from which he naturally concluded that that was the seat of the trouble. The young messenger had no recollection of the exhibition he had made of himself in the office, nor of his wild rush for Broker Blake's office. Nor did his mind revert to Montana Copper, either. All he could think, and thinking was not an easy matter with his head in a whirl of pain and confusion, was—What could have happened to him that should cause his removal to a hospital?

It must be something serious, he told himself, especially as he knew that he had been out of his head, since he had no recollection of having been brought there.

The more he tried to think the worse his head felt, so he gave it up and lay perplexed and unhappy to await the arrival of the doctor.

Mr. Fairbanks had telephoned the hospital again when he was ready to go home, but was told that his messenger was still unconscious. Feeling greatly concerned over the boy's condition, he despatched a note by one of his clerks up to Walt's home. This note apprised Mrs. Bacon, in a general way, of the accident that had happened to her son, and informed her where Walt was. As a matter of course she was alarmed, and leaving the key of the flat with the lady across the hall to give her daughters when they reached home, she started for the hospital.

She was admitted to the reception room, but could learn nothing more than Mr. Fairbanks had informed her. One of the young doctors told her she could wait until the head doctor had seen and examined her son again, when it was likely some definite idea of Walt's condition would be communicated to her. Half an hour after Walt regained his senses the doctor came to see him. After looking at the boy critically and asking him a number of questions, he saw that his patient had suffered no material injury, and told him so. Then Walt wanted to know what had happened to him. The doctor said that the ambulance surgeon had reported that he had sustained a fall on Broad Street in front of a broker's office, and he had been brought to the hospital under the supposition that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Walt figured out that the accident must have happened to him while he was executing an errand for Mr. Fairbanks.

"I suppose I can get up and go home, can't I?" asked Walt.

"No. It is better for you to remain here tonight. You are hardly in a condition to leave here now. You will probably be sufficiently recovered in the morning to be discharged."

To say the truth, his head troubled him so much that he was contented to remain where he was.

After waiting an hour Mrs. Bacon learned that her son would probably be well enough to leave the hospital in the morning, and so she went home feeling greatly relieved. It was some hours before Walt could get to sleep, and then he slept like a top. He awoke in the morning feeling comparatively all right. He was allowed to get up after the doctor had seen and passed on him, and

after he got some breakfast was permitted to leave the hospital. He went straight home.

His mother was delighted to see him, but he couldn't tell her how he had met with the accident. He remembered leaving the office for Broker Blake's office in a state of considerable excitement over the rise in Montana Copper, but that was all he could recall. He asked for the morning paper and soon found a big article about the phenomenal boom in the copper mining stock, and ascertained that M. C. had closed at 30. He figured up his profits on that basis and saw that his net winnings amounted to over half a million dollars. Of course he felt greatly excited, but he did not lose his head as he had done the afternoon previous over half that amount. He amazed his mother with his story of the wealth he had practically won through his copper deal, and told her that the first thing to do was to try and cash in at the present market price.

"If all goes well, mother, I shall come home worth \$600,000. I was bound to get rich, and it looks as if I had accomplished my purpose; but I don't think I shall be satisfied until I am worth an even million."

When he got downtown close on to ten o'clock he telephoned his office that he would report there about noon. It was his intention to close out his Montana Copper stock before he ran another errand. In fact, in face of his sudden accession to wealth, he had some doubts as to whether he would make his appearance in the role of a messenger boy after that week. When he walked into Mr. Blake's office at ten o'clock, that gentleman was both surprised and pleased to see him about again.

"So you've come around all right, Bacon, I see. Upon my word you looked like a dead boy yesterday. How did you come to meet with that tumble?"

"You know as much about it as I do."

"A dozen persons told me that you were racing down the street at full speed, and that you made a break for this office, when you pitched forward like a stone from a catapult and struck against the door with a tremendous whack."

"Is that so? Well, I don't remember anything about it."

"You were coming here in relation to your deal I presume?" said the broker, regarding him curiously, for Mr. Fairbank's denial that he had sent Walt to his office rather puzzled him, until he figured out that the Wall Street trader was evidently determined not to be known in the copper transaction.

"I suppose I was," replied Walt. "At any rate, I'm here now in connection with it. I want you to sell my holdings in small lots by degrees at the market right away. You must do it so as not to disturb the price."

"I understand, Bacon. I will attend to it right away."

Mr. Blake put on his hat and started out to earn the other half of his \$7,500 commission. He was a shrewd trader and knew just how to work the stock off his hands to the best advantage. He took with him a memorandum of the purchases he had made on Walt's account, and he let the stock out little by little, here and there, to eager bidders. In this way he gradually got

rid of all the shares before the Street woke up to the fact that considerable liquidation was going on. Then the price began to sag a little, but by that time Broker Blake was out of it. Walt's broker got 31 for a portion of his early offerings, so that when a settlement was made next day, which was Friday, Walt found, after all expenses had been deducted, he had cleared \$555,000, making him worth an even \$600,000.

When Walter reappeared at his own office after the sale of his copper stock, he was warmly welcomed by Mr. Fairbanks and the clerks, but he had little explanation to make as to the cause of his extraordinary behavior of the day before and sudden exit from the waiting room. Broker Fairbanks questioned him on the subject, for the matter greatly puzzled him, but Walt could only say that he had been attacked by a sudden excitement over which he had no control at the moment, and the incident was allowed to go at that.

Next day Walt called, according to agreement, on Mr. Blake for his check. On receiving it he asked that one of that trader's clerks be sent with him to the bank to identify him, as he wanted to turn the check in for its equivalent in cash. He asked the paying teller for large bills, and getting them, he carried them at once to his safe deposit vault and placed them in his box there.

"Well," he mused, on his way back to the office, "I guess I'll resign my position tomorrow. Mr. Fairbanks will be surprised and perhaps not pleased, but I can't help it. I can't run errands any longer. I'm going to work for myself after this. I'm going to devote my energies to making the balance of that million."

### CHAPTER XIII.—A Scheme To Do Up Broker Fairbanks.

After thinking the matter over and talking with his mother and sisters, Walt decided to give Mr. Fairbanks six weeks', instead of one week's, notice of his intention to sever his connection with the office. This would bring the time up to the first of the new year, which the boy thought would be a more suitable time for him to make the change. Besides, it would afford the broker plenty of time to look out for a satisfactory candidate for the job of messenger. Accordingly next day, about noon, Walt walked into the private office and told his employer that he intended to leave him on the first of the year.

"Why, Walt, are you really in earnest?" asked the surprised broker, in a tone of sincere regret, for he did not like to part with his prize messenger. "What's the cause of this sudden determination on your part? If it's a question of wages, I will make that all right with you. I was going to give you ten dollars anyway after the first of January; but I'll make it twelve rather than lose you."

"Wages do not figure in the matter at all, Mr. Fairbanks," replied Walt, politely. "I have simply decided on a new field of action."

"Then you are going to leave Wall Street?"

"No, sir. I expect to make a living in Wall Street indefinitely."

"Am I to understand, then, that you have received a tempting offer from another broker?" asked Mr. Fairbanks, feeling a bit hurt that Walt should consider any proposal from any one else without first giving him the chance to offset it.

"No, sir. You have treated me so well that I hardly think I would care to work for another broker as long as I could remain with you."

"Then you are going into some other business, I suppose?"

"I will tell you all about it before I go."

"If I were to offer you an opening in my counting room would it be any inducement for you to remain with me?"

"No, sir."

After some further talk between them, Walt withdrew. At the same time that Walt and his employer were holding their conversation, Carter Buchanan, Mr. Fairbanks' enemy, and a broker named Leaycraft, were seated in the sanctum of the former's office, smoking and talking.

"I hate that Fairbanks," said Buchanan, with a vindictive ring in his tones. "I would give considerable to catch him in a trap and wring some of his dollars from him."

"Is he well fixed?" asked Leaycraft, carelessly.

"He ought to be. Blake told me in confidence, you mustn't repeat what I say, that he put a deal in Montana Copper through for him this week that netted him over half a million."

"You don't say," replied Leaycraft, looking interested. "So he was one of the lucky holders of M. C.?"

"He bought 30,000 shares through Blake on the quiet, most of it at rock bottom, that is, 10, and the balance between 13 and 15."

"He did, eh? He must have had a tip on what was going to happen."

"Undoubtedly. I don't believe another broker in the Street had any suspicion that there was an undercurrent at work which was bound to send Montana Copper from the point where it had been roosting these six months to 30 odd. He worked the deal through his messenger boy, and wasn't known at all in the transaction."

"Through his messenger boy, eh?"

"Yes, a smart chap named Walter Bacon. The boy represented that the deal was his own, but of course Blake knew that was simply poppycock. Where is there a messenger boy who can plank up \$30,000 to cover a margin, and carry a transaction of such magnitude through successfully, let alone being in possession of such a valuable pointer? It stands to reason that Fairbanks was the man behind. At any rate, he gathered in \$555,000 profit, selling out at 31 and 30. At the least estimate Fairbanks must be worth a million to-day, and I've little doubt but he's worth a good deal more. Now, if I could only get some of that away from him it would give me a whole lot of satisfaction," said Buchanan, tossing his butt into the cuspidor and lighting a fresh cigar.

"I'm willing to help you do it if there is any chance of me getting something out of it," said Leaycraft, blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips.

"You, or somebody on friendly terms with Fairbanks, would have to help me, as I couldn't work it alone. He and I do not speak. He knows

I'd do him in a moment if I could get the chance, so he's wary of anything that comes from my office. I dare say he'd be glad to get me where the hair is short, too."

"Well, what kind of scheme could be worked on him?" asked Leaycraft.

"We might try to buy a fifteen-day option from him on some good stock that is selling low at present, say M. & N., and then form a pool to corner the shares on the quiet. I know several moneyed men I could interest in the scheme. After we got the control of the stock in our hands, we would boom it as high as we could within the time limit and then call on him to deliver."

"That would be all right if he'd bite to the extent to make it worth while. But would he?"

"I think it's worth while trying. If you say you'll go into this thing for a quarter of a million, which I will duplicate, I'll call on the persons I have in my mind and get the thing into shape for launching. We must get somebody to hand him a fake tip about an organized bear movement about to be worked to squeeze certain brokers who are long on the stock. As soon as that has been brought to his attention you can drop in to see him about the option. You could offer him five points above the market as bait. I think that would catch him."

"Is he in the habit of doing much in the option line?"

"Yes. I know he buys and sells options frequently. He caught me something over a year ago on one to the tune of \$90,000, and since then our relations have been rather strained."

Leaycraft laughed.

"I see. You want to get back at him in the same way."

"I don't care what way I get back at him, so long as I do. The option business, however, strikes me as the most feasible thing to try on him. If it fails we must try something else, that's all."

"Suppose after he sells us the option that he goes right out and buys the stock at the market and holds it until we call on him for it? Then we couldn't scoop him as you propose."

"I would rely on the fake tip preventing him from doing that, because if he took any stock in the pointer he would expect to be able to buy M. & N. in at a lower figure within a few days. Besides, if he bought the stock it would tie his money up for fifteen days. Of course we'd have to keep our eye on his representative to see what he was doing. If we found out that he did buy the shares we could inaugurate a temporary bear movement to carry out the tip. As soon as he saw that the shares were dropping he'd sell out quick, expecting to buy in again at lower prices. Then we'd turn right around and rush the price up and catch him before he could cover himself. That would put the game in our hands."

"Perhaps it would. We'd have to take some chance of it. However, that's nothing to me and the other members you get into the pool. We would look to make our money out of the boom in the regular way. If we caught Fairbanks the profits would be so much greater. Well, you can consider me in on this for a quarter of

a million. You and I will do the buying and booming. When will you start the ball rolling?"

"On Monday."

"All right. My money is ready when the scheme is in working order."

On the following Wednesday Leaycraft walked into the reception room of Mr. Fairbanks' office. Walt happened to be there at the time and took his name into the private room.

"Tell him to walk in," said the broker, and so Walt showed Leaycraft in.

Leaycraft remained about fifteen minutes, and when he came out there was a paper in his hand and a look of satisfaction on his face. He had secured an option, good for fifteen days, for 20,000 shares of M. & N. at an advance of six points on the market price of 62. Walt observed the grin on his face and concluded that his business with Mr. Fairbanks must have been of a satisfactory nature. On the following day Walt was sent with a note to a firm of brokers in Jersey City, and he took his seat in the ferry-boat behind a couple of men whom he recognized as brokers having offices on Exchange Place. He soon discovered that these men were talking about a syndicate that had been formed to boom M. & N. shares, and incidentally to scoop in some broker whose name was not mentioned. It didn't take Walt long to see that he was next to a pretty good thing, and he determined to avail himself of it. It was too late for him to do anything that day when he got back to New York, but next morning he asked to be let off for an hour, and he went around to see Mr. Blake, on Broad Street.

Mr. Blake not being in, Walt did not wait for him, but went to another prominent broker and asked him to buy 30,000 shares of M. & N. on margin, putting up \$186,000 security.

"Who is this stock for?" asked the trader, whose name was Smith.

"I'm buying it," replied Walt. "You have my card on your desk."

"I am to understand that you represent somebody who wishes to remain incognito. Is that it?"

"No, sir, I'm representing myself. My money is as good as any one's, isn't it?"

"Certainly. But this is a pretty big transaction, and you are only a boy."

"What if I am a boy? Money talks, doesn't it? There is \$186,000 in that roll. Count it. If you prefer not to do business with me let me know, and I'll go somewhere else; but as there is \$7,500 commission in this transaction for you, if you can put it through, it would look singular to me if you let it escape you."

Broker Smith had nothing more to raise in the way of objections, and after counting the money and finding that it was all right, he closed the deal with Walt. As a matter of course he was just as fully satisfied as Mr. Blake had been in the Montana Copper transactions that somebody was behind the boy. This time Walt left his address as the Washington Safe Deposit Co., where he had his box. It took Broker Smith several days to get so large an amount of shares, but he secured them at last, hypothecating them with his bank to raise the funds to pay for them. Then he sent a letter to Walt, care of the safe deposit company, that the stock was bought and

subject to his orders. M. & N. advanced slowly an eighth of a point at a time to 64, then declined suddenly to 60, much to Walt's surprise and consternation, for it meant a loss to him of over \$60,000.

It hung around 60 for several days, and then dropped to 69. That meant another \$30,000 to the bad for the young messenger, and he began to wonder if he hadn't got in on a bad speculation. Finally it sagged below 58, and Broker Smith sent Walt a notice calling on him for more margin.

"Well, I'm in this thing and I've got to see it through," thought the boy. "It is a good thing that I've still got over \$400,000 at my back. If I had all my money up, as on former occasions, I'd be in the soup for fair."

So he carried Mr. Smith \$90,000 more to cover the shrinkage in value. That day Mr. Fairbanks went home sick. A broker had treated him to some figs, of which he was known to be inordinately fond, and somehow or another they disagreed with him. The broker had gotten the figs from Mr. Leaycraft, but did not mention the fact to Mr. Fairbanks. Mr. Fairbanks was quite ill for three days. The doctor he called in said that the figs he had eaten must have contained some kind of a metallic poison. While the broker was home M. & N. took on a boom, to Walt's great satisfaction, and went to 75.

That was the condition of things when Broker Fairbanks came downtown again.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—The Infernal Machine.

As Mr. Fairbanks had sold a fifteen-day option on 20,000 shares of M. & N. for 68 to Mr. Leaycraft, and the stock was now ruling at 75, with a decided upward tendency, he found himself so far \$140,000 out on the deal. To make the matter worse the broker had incurred some heavy losses of late, and this additional misfortune rather staggered him. The option expired that day, and there was no telling how much higher the price might go. Every additional point meant another \$20,000 against him, and as Leaycraft was not obliged to call for the stock until three o'clock, it was not impossible but he might be out another \$140,000 unless he went right out on the market and tried to buy in the 20,000 shares at the present figure, provided, of course, that he could get them. The boom indicated a corner in the stock, and that meant that somebody, or a syndicate, held the bulk of the floating shares. Broker Fairbanks sized the situation up and decided that he must get the stock if he could. He could stand the loss of \$140,000, or even \$200,000 but if he had to settle with Leaycraft at his own figure it would probably spell ruin. So, in no enviable frame of mind, he put on his hat and started out to find the necessary shares. M. & N. opened at 75 3-8, and at that figure he secured 3,000 shares, but that was all he could get, while his representative on the floor of the Exchange only got 2,000. Therefore, when Mr. Fairbanks returned to the office at noon he was shy 15,000 shares of the number he had pledged himself to deliver to Mr. Leaycraft, and the stock was now going at 78. The prospect looked pretty rocky for him. After attending to

some necessary business at his office, he went out again to try and find the stock he needed, but was unsuccessful, and when he returned to the office at half-past two M. & N. was quoted on the ticker at 80. Walt was in high feather over his own deal, for at 80 he was over half a million winner, and that meant that if he sold out then he would be worth more than his coveted million. And he decided that the time had come for him to sell. He couldn't tell when the tide might turn against him, and he didn't propose to get caught in the shuffle if he could help himself. The cashier, however, wouldn't let him off, as he said he might be wanted at any moment to go to the Exchange. Walt went back to his chair half determined to leave the office anyway, because of the amount of money he had at stake. While he was weighing the matter in his mind the door opened and his employer walked in. Walt started up to ask him for the required permission, when he was startled by the look on his face.

It was white to ghastliness, and his eyes had a glare of utter hoplessness in them that frightened the boy. Satisfied that Mr. Fairbanks had been taken with a relapse of his illness he ran to him and asked him if he couldn't do something for him.

"No, my lad, you can do nothing for me," replied the broker, in a hollow tone.

"But you are ill, sir. Hadn't I better telephone for a doctor?"

"No, no; I'll be better presently," he said, in a nerveless voice. "I'll be better presently," he added, as, with bowed head, he walked into his private room and closed the door.

Walt stood and gazed blankly at the closed door.

"I don't like the look on his face," he muttered. "He looks like a dying man. There is something terribly wrong with him. It is something more than an ordinary sickness. I'd better tell the cashier."

He rushed over and informed that gentleman. "I think you'd better send for a doctor, right away," he said, earnestly.

The cashier was startled.

"I'll go in and see him," he said.

"You'd better."

So the cashier hastened across the room and entered the private office. It was then nearly fifteen minutes of three. The excitement and anxiety of the moment had driven all thought of his stock deal from Walt's mind. As the door closed behind the cashier the outer door opened and admitted Miss Florence Mills.

"Why, Miss Florence," cried Walt, "this is quite a surprise!"

"I thought I would surprise you," she said, beamingly. "I had some business to attend to in this neighborhood, so I thought I'd drop in and see you."

"I'm glad that you did. It was very kind of you to do so."

"Perhaps I am taking up your time," she said. "If I am, tell me, and I will cut my visit short."

"Oh, no. I have nothing at all on my hands at this moment," he replied, quickly, not wishing her to leave in a rush.

"Mother was speaking about you this morning. We expected you might call last evening,

## BOUND TO GET RICH

as you have been in the habit of dropping in on us every Wednesday night; but you didn't and we were somewhat disappointed."

"Well, I had an important engagement last evening, and was thinking of calling tonight instead, if it will be all the same."

"I hope you will," she replied, with just a slight trace of eagerness in her voice.

At that moment the cashier came out of the private office. His face wore a concerned look. He hurried over to the telephone booth, rang up somebody, and sent a message over the wire. While he was doing it Bobby Burnside bounced into the room, his face reflecting some excitement. He stopped on seeing that Walt was enraged with a lady. Walt saw him and beckoned him to come over.

"Miss Mills, this is my chum, Robert Burnside. Bobby, this is Florence Mills."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Mills," said Bobby. "I have heard Walt mention your name quite often."

"Indeed," laughed Florence. "I may say he is always talking about you."

"That's because we're as thick as peas in a pod," grinned the boy. "By the way, Walt, can I speak to you a moment? Will you excuse us just a second or two, Miss Mills?"

"Certainly," replied Florence. "Don't mind me."

"What is it, Bobby?" asked Walt, as his chum led him aside. "You look excited."

"Well, I am, a little bit. I just heard one of my bosses—Mr. Merrill—say that Mr. Fairbanks is in a bad hole over M. & N. There's a big boom on in the stock, you know, and a good many brokers seem to think that your boss is up against it hard."

"If he is, I don't know it," replied Walt.

"Mr. Merrill says he's been skirmishing all over the district for the stock, offering as high as three points above the market for it. That shows that he wants it mighty bad. Our firm believes he's trying to cover short sales that he's made. But the stock has been cornered by a syndicate and there isn't any to be gotten at any price. I heard Mr. Merrill say that a broker who is very close to Mr. Fairbanks hinted to him that your boss told him that if he didn't have 20,000 shares of M. & N. by three today he would be ruined. He told this broker that he'd only been able to get a quarter of that amount up to two o'clock."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Walt.

"I thought I'd run in and tell you," said Bobby, "and see whether there was any truth in the thing or not."

"Well, I can't tell you one way or the other, as Mr. Fairbanks doesn't take me into his confidence. Brokers do not usually consult with their messenger boys. But for all that I'm afraid there is some truth in what you have just said. Mr. Fairbanks has just come in looking the picture of death. He's been ill for several days, you know, and he's either been taken with a relapse or he's in some grave trouble, for his face looked it. You say he is reported as having said he must have 20,000 shares of M. & N. at three today or he is ruined?"

"These are Mr. Merrill's words," said Bobby. "It is seven minutes of three now," said Walt.

"If there's any truth in that he must have the stock."

"But it can't be had for love nor money. Every share has been cornered."

"Have they? Well, I know of 30,000 shares that the syndicate hasn't got."

"You do? Who has them? They represent a fortune at 80."

"No matter who has them. Mr. Fairbanks can get them if he wants them. I'm going right in to see if they will be of any use to him."

Walt opened the door of the private room and entered. The sight that met his eyes staggered him. His employer lay back in his swivel chair with the face and attitude of a corpse. A small, square, brass clock, with a round dial, the hands of which pointed to six minutes of three, stood on his desk before him, with a thin column of dark smoke issuing from around the top edges.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Walt, rushing forward. "What has happened to Mr. Fairbanks?"

Then his eyes rested on the clock.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, observing the smoke. "An infernal machine!"

With astonishing nerve he seized it and flung it through the open window.

#### CHAPTER XV.—How Walt Saves Mr. Fairbanks From Ruin.

The moment the clock flew out of the boy's hand he gave a gasp, and, rushing to the window, leaned out. The street was full of people hurrying to and fro at that hour. Satisfied that the clock was an infernal machine, he looked to see it explode and scatter death and confusion on the thoroughfare. He began yelling and waving his hands frantically to attract attention. His shouts and excited manner attracted immediate attention. Pedestrians stopped and looked up at him, and then at the smoking clock that lay in the center of the street.

"Get out of the way, for your lives!" roared Walt, with blazing eyes and furious gestures. "Get out of the way of the clock! It is an infernal machine, and is liable to explode any moment!"

His trumpet-like tones reached the ears of all near by and there was a mad rush on the part of those in the immediate vicinity to get out of the danger zone. The people rushed into the adjacent offices as fast as they could, warning all they met of the peril that menaced the street. In two minutes Wall Street in that immediate neighborhood was suddenly depopulated. The excitement attracted attention in the office buildings. Windows were thrown up and clerks looked out to ascertain the cause of the uproar. Walt continued to yell a warning whenever he saw people approaching. When the people who had come to the windows got on to the situation they banged down the windows and fled to the back part of the offices. At that moment there was consternation to burn in Wall Street. Suddenly the clock exploded, with a tremendous detonation that rattled office windows and smashed in several of the big windows on the ground floors. A big hole was ripped out of the center of the street. Fragments of the clock flew in

every direction, but fortunately nobody was hurt. Walt's shouts had attracted Bobby, Florence, the cashier and all the clerks into the private room, where they saw Mr. Fairbanks lying like a dead man in his chair.

They thought Walt was yelling for help. In the midst of the excitement the doctor, telephoned to by the cashier, came into the office. His services were immediately called into requisition and he began an examination of the broker. He announced that Mr. Fairbanks had been drugged.

Between the excitement in the office and the explosion on the street, everybody seemed to have lost their heads. Walt was besieged by all hands for an explanation. He proceeded to tell what he had seen when he entered the private room, and how he had thrown the smoking clock out of the window without thinking of the terrible consequences it might have led up to on the busy street. His statement naturally threw everybody in the room into a mild panic. No one could understand how the machine came to be in the broker's room, for Walt said nobody but himself and the cashier had gone in there since Mr. Fairbanks came back to the office, and the cashier said when he was in talking to the broker there was no sign of the brass clock on his desk. So it seemed to be a great mystery how it came to be there. Another mystery was how Mr. Fairbanks had been drugged. The drug, however, proved to be a mild one, for the doctor presently succeeded in arousing the broker out of its benumbing effects.

A crowd of surious outsiders was now forcing entrance into the reception room. The cashier sent the clerks to head them off. Among others who came in was Mr. Leaycraft. He appeared to be astonished at the scene of excitement and confusion that met his eyes.

"What has happened?" he asked one of the clerks.

The clerk gave him a brief account of what had occurred.

"Too bad," he said. "I suppose I won't be able to see Mr. Fairbanks. I had an engagement with him at three o'clock."

"He is not in a condition to see any one," replied the clerk.

"I suppose not," replied the trader, with a disappointed look. "I'll call in the morning before ten."

Wondering how the trouble had come about, Mr. Leaycraft went away, and made a bee-line for Carter Buchanan's office to tell him the news. Buchanan was rather astonished by the intelligence brought by his friend. They talked the incident over between them.

"Well, it doesn't matter if you were not able to have your expected interview with Fairbanks this afternoon. We've got him where the hair is short and he can't get the stock to deliver to you. He'll have to settle at your price. We'll ruin him and drive him out of the Street. This deal has succeeded better than I even hoped for. The only thing that worried me was those 30,000 shares that none of us could place. I've been dreading lest they turn up at a critical moment, and we be compelled to buy them in at the top of the market. Fortunately, there seems to be no sign of them showing up, and so the game is

in our hands. We'll make a barrel of money out of this, 'Leaycraft,' he concluded, rubbing his hands together. "A barrel of money."

While they were talking together, things were shaping themselves in the office of the man they confidently expected they had ruined. Mr. Fairbanks had been brought to his senses, but instead of showing gratitude to the doctor, he wept and acted in a crazy way, bemoaning the fact that he had escaped death. The physician advised that a carriage be sent for and the broker taken home.

"You'd better send one of the clerks with him, for he seems to be out of his head, and might jump from the vehicle on its way uptown," he said.

The cashier got the cab, and told Walt to accompany Mr. Fairbanks home. Florence Mills had already taken her leave, and the office had been cleared of the curious. Walt had told his story to a detective, but he had no time to be interviewed by the newspaper men who were flocking into the building, looking for material for a sensational story. While the clerks were attending to the reporters he was speeding uptown in the cab with his employer. Alone with Walt, Mr. Fairbanks grew more rational, for he liked the boy. After a period of silence, during which the broker stared desparingly out of the window at his elbow, he suddenly said to the boy:

"Walt, I'm ruined."

"Ruined, sir?"

"Yes. I sold an option on 20,000 shares of M. & N. to a broker named Leaycraft. The option expired at three today, and I cannot get the stock to deliver according to agreement. He called, no doubt, during the excitement and went away, postponing the matter till the morning. It is in his power to name a price that will bankrupt me, and he will do it, too, for I have learned that he is hand and glove with Carter Buchanan, a many who will have no mercy on me. It will be impossible for me to settle with those men at any price other than every dollar I own in the world," groaned the broker.

"I guess it will not be so bad as that, Mr. Fairbanks," replied Walt, encouragingly.

"You cannot guess, my lad, how some scoundrels in the Street gloat in breaking a man when they catch him in such a trap as I am in at this moment. After realizing my predicament I determined to end my life. If you hadn't come into the room and thrown that clock out of the window, as I have learned that you did, I should long since have been out of my woes."

"What!" gasped Walt. "Did you—"

"Yes, boy. That clock was a bomb in disguise. It was brought to this country from Russia by a friend of mine. Until the mechanism was wound up and set in motion it was perfectly harmless. It could be set to go off at any moment. I set it to explode at three, and then I drank a small quantity of a certain drug to make me unconscious so that I should not suffer any pain when the machine did its work."

"My gracious!" gasped Walt, horror-stricken at this revelation. "How did you get hold of the bomb-clock, sir?"

"The gentleman who brought it from Europe called at the office this morning and showed it

to me. I asked him to leave it with me so I could exhibit it to some friends. I then had no intention of turning its death-dealing power upon myself. That idea came to me suddenly, when I found that I was caught in a trap from which it was impossible for me to extricate myself. I determined to let it do its fatal work on me, and but for your nerve in throwing it out of the window the result would have been sure. Boy, I ought to be grateful to you for risking your life in my behalf, but Heaven knows I wish you had not interfered."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Fairbanks," replied Walt. "You have a wife and family who ought to be considered."

The broker covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, I have," he said; "but how am I to face them? To tell them that ruin lies before me. That they must give up—"

"Give up nothing, Mr. Fairbanks," said Walt, energetically. "Let me understand your situation exactly. You have to deliver 20,000 shares of M. & N. stock, worth 80, to Mr. Leaycraft tomorrow morning for 68, and you have only 5,000 shares, and can't get any more because the stock has been cornered. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"And if you fail to deliver the shares according to agreement, Mr. Leaycraft can demand a settlement on his own terms?"

"Yes."

"Very good. You shall have the 15,000 shares of M. & N. first thing in the morning if you will help me pay for them."

Mr. Fairbanks stared at Walt as if he thought he was a lunatic.

"I suppose you think my words ridiculous. Mr. Fairbanks, but I have evidence in my pocket which will show you that I control 30,000 shares of M. & N. at this moment."

Thus speaking Walt pulled out his memorandum of the transaction with Broker Smith and showed it to his employer. Mr. Fairbanks glanced over it in a dazed way, but he easily grasped the nature of the contents.

"What does this mean?"

"Just what it says. I control that stock. You shall have half of it in the morning. Had I known when you returned to the office at half-past two that you were in this hole you would have had the stock to deliver at three."

"But I don't understand how you could have control of such a block of stock. It represents a cash value at this moment of \$2,400,000."

"I bought it at 62, when it was worth \$1,800,000. I paid down \$180,000 deposit. Subsequently I had to put up \$90,000 more to save it when it went below 58. I still have \$330,000 cash in my safe deposit box. You shall have the loan of that to help you out, if necessary. I consider myself worth at this moment over \$1,100,000, provided I realize 80 for my holdings in M. & N. I'll let you have the 15,000 shares you want for my equity of 15 per cent., and you can pay me when you get on your feet again. And you can have the temporary use of my \$330,000 cash, also."

"But how did you get all this money?" asked the broker, quite bewildered.

Walt then told him the whole story of his start in the market with the \$500 bill he had

fished up out of the Kill von Kull on Decoration Day, and finally how he had made over half a million out of Montana Copper.

Then Mr. Fairbanks understood the boy's wonderful luck, and he gratefully accepted his offer of the 15,000 shares of M. & N. which meant salvation to him.

Next morning when Mr. Leaycraft showed up in the office prepared to gloat over Mr. Fairbanks, he was paralyzed when that broker produced the 20,000 shares of M. & N. and asked him for his certified check for \$1,224,000, which was the amount due, Mr. Leaycraft having deposited ten per cent. of the full amount of \$1,360,000 at the time the option was given him.

"Where in thunder did you get the stock?" gasped the astonished Leaycraft.

"That needn't worry you," replied Mr. Fairbanks, coolly. "Do you want it, or don't you?"

"Of course I want it. Here is your check."

While that was going on Broker Smith was selling the other 15,000 shares of M. & N. in small parcels at 80, 79, 78 and down to 75. That started a slump that Carter Buchanan tried in vain to stop. The result was that the boom went to smash, and every man in the syndicate was practically ruined. Walt was the only one who actually profited by the operations of Carter Buchanan, and he cleared over \$400,000, making him a young millionaire. He didn't leave Mr. Fairbank's office on the first of the year, as he had decided, for the broker took him into the business as junior partner. Today he is worth two millions, and is reckoned one of the smartest young brokers in Wall Street. Bobby Burnside is his chief clerk, and still his chum, as of old. They are never more contented than when sitting together in the private den of Walt's home, the presiding goddess of which is the lady who once was Florence Mills, talking over old times and of how a Wall Street boy made money.

Next week's issue will contain "FRIENDLESS FRANK; or, THE BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS."

#### NEW RACE OF MEN FOUND IN WEST SIBERIAN FORESTS

Professor B. N. Goodkoff, a well-known Russian explorer, who has traversed Western Siberia, reports the discovery of a hitherto unknown race on the River Poora.

Altogether Professor Gorodkoff has discovered five clans containing 600 people. The local Samoyeds call the tribe "Pyan Ha Sovo," which means "forest people," while in their own language the tribe call themselves "Neshen," which means "men."

Their language is entirely different from that of any of the other nationalities populating Western Siberia. The Neshen people differ also from their Samoyed neighbors in their dark hair and complexion. They have no intercourse with their neighbors, and very few of them engage in fishing and hunting beyond the borders of their own little country.

# BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

## The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued)

They were bound on the spot, and were dragged downstairs, where a couple of the rough-riders had paused to secure Hank Sawkins, who laid on the ground.

"The game is ours, boys!" cried Bill.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cheered the cowboys, waving their hats, and just then Jessie came running back.

"Oh, Bill!" she cried, "I am so glad you got the best of them. I wonder if they injured poor old Scott, our darky?"

"Call him and we'll see."

"Andy! Andy!" shouted the girl.

After a brief interval of silence a deep voice in the cellar answered:

"Am dat yo', Missy Jess?"

"Show yourself, Andy, the outlaws are beaten."

"Bress de lamb fo' dat," and presently the old man appeared, covered with dust and cobwebs from a barrel in which he had been hiding down in the cellar."

"Did they hurt you, Andy?"

"Deed dey didn't, missy."

"All right. Now Bill, what are you going to do with your prisoners?"

"Hang them," interposed Denver Jack, grimly.

"No, no, don't do that," pleaded the girl. "Turn them over to the sheriff of the county, and let the law deal with them."

"But, Miss Briggs, they are horse thieves."

I know you hate to do anything to a horse thief but lynch him," said Jessie, "and no doubt they don't deserve any better fate, but, for my sake, don't string them up."

"Waal, I'll see what ther boys say—"

"Hold on, there, Jack!" sternly interposed the young ranch owner. "I reckon I'm the boss of this crowd, and I strictly forbid a lynching-bee going on here—understand?"

"Your order is law, Bill."

"Then see that it is carried out."

The head rancher strode over to the men, who were then preparing a lariat to hang the captives, and told them what Bill said.

That settled it.

Not a man dared to disobey, but they were greatly disappointed.

The relief of the prisoners was intense.

Every one of them had been sure they were doomed.

Just then a large body of horsemen were seen galloping over the range, and Jessie looked alarmed and asked Bill:

"Can they be the rest of Flood's gang coming to rescue their friends?"

"No. Your father is in the lead."

"What keen eyes you've got, to see him at this distance!"

"The rest must be the fellows from the cowboy picnic who are determined to get back their stolen mustangs and to get hunk on the horse thieves."

Pretty soon the crowd reached them, and heard the news.

Colonel Briggs was furious when he heard what had happened to his daughter, and shouted to his followers:

"Gentlemen, this atrocity must not go unpunished!"

"Trail down the rest of the gang," advised one of the cowboys, "and we will wipe them off the map."

"What do you say to that, Bill?"

The boy glanced at the crowd and saw that there were at least fifty of his own cowboys from the north and south ranges, and in addition there were over a score of owners and cattlemen from the adjoining ranches.

In all there were about eighty well-armed and mounted men in the crowd, every one of whom was very anxious at that moment to run down the outlaws.

"All right," said the boy, "we'll do it. I may not have so many men together again, and had better take advantage of it. If you are all willing we'll hunt them down now."

A hoarse shout of assent came from the men.

Bill then left several at the house to guard Jessie, the six prisoners were sent to Four Flush with an armed escort, and the rest prepared for action.

The young rancher was a fine trailer, and, having said good-by to Jessie, he put himself at the head of this band, and they started off on the trail of Jim Flood and the rest of his gang.

It led them toward the hills.

Within an hour Bill and his followers reached the Buena Vista mine.

The water had ceased pouring into it, and they soon found that the first flood having subsided, the creek was now following its natural channel.

"Flood has been here and gone," remarked Bill, as he studied the trail. "Colonel, you didn't find any of them in the huts or down in the shaft, did you?"

"Not a soul, sir," answered the old man, shaking his head.

"The trail seems to show that they've gone up toward Bald Bluff," said the boy. "They know they haven't got a living show against us down on the open plains, and are surer of making a stand up on the crags."

"Follow them up, Bill, follow them up!"

They set out again toward a high, rocky peak, the trail taking them through groves of trees and masses of dense bushes, while here and there huge rocks cropped out of the ground.

It was a wild, desolate place.

The boy was riding ahead through the timber, when there came the crack of a rifle and a bullet flew past his head.

He reined Dandy in and glanced around.

The flitting figures of men ahead caught his glance, and he pointed at them and shouted to his followers:

"Here they are at last!"

Up dashed the rough-riders, and the colonel asked:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Split up into four parties, surround them and then close in on the gang. You, Jack, Mr. Martin and I will each take twenty men."

A plan of action was quickly arranged.

Then they began to spread out, and when they had the rocky plateau surrounded on three sides, to which Flood's men had retreated, the signal was given, and they rapidly closed in on the spot.

It was near the top of the hill, and there was a cliff on one side.

But when they met the outlaws had vanished, and they did not leave a sign to show where they had gone.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Bill Gets Captured.

Jim Flood was very familiar with all of that locality, and when he saw Bill with eighty men on his trail he came to the conclusion that his wisest move was to get out of sight.

"Them galoots is out fer our hides," said he to his men, "an' it's up ter us ter do ther disappearin' act. We can't fight 'em, nohow."

"Jim, they're surroundin' us," said one of the men, uneasily.

"Let 'em surround!" growled the outlaw. "When they gits here they'll find as the ole fox has given 'em ther slip, after all."

This answer relieved the rest greatly, although they could not very well see how he expected to get out of the trap he seemed to be in.

Flood did not explain anything.

He simply led his men to a deep hollow, and when they reached the bed of it he lifted a big flat stone, revealing a cavernous opening.

"Git down inter the hole, boys," said he.

There were stone steps for the men to descend, and they went down one by one until the last man had disappeared.

Flood followed, closing the trap down after him, and then he lit a match and ignited a pine torch, the smoky light from which showed his followers that they were in a wide stone passage of natural formation which led them to a huge cavern.

One side of it was illuminated by openings in the face of a cliff, and the outlaw chuckled and said as he pointed at them:

"Thar's the only way of gittin' out o' here, 'cept ther way we came in. It's a natural cave, fellers, wot an ole Injun once showed me. I don't reckon as thar's any white man 'cept us wot knows anything about it, so I'll bet we are safe enough hyer fer a while, anyway."

"But s'pose they found the entrance?" asked a man.

"Then all we's hev ter do would be ter fasten one end of a lariat ter one o' these yere stones, let the other end drop down in ther valley below an' slide down thar."

"Couldn't they foller us?"

"Couldn't we shoot 'em as fast as they came down?"

"Waal, I reckon we might. But how about grub?"

"Thet's ther worst of it. One or two of us has got ter go out gunnin' fer a deer, a bear, or some birds after them thar fellers is gone. We won't need fer water 'cause thar's a spring over in thet dark corner."

The gang began to feel relieved until finally one of them asked:

"I wonder how Sawkins and his men made out at ther colonel's house? They must be in trouble."

"Now don't you go a-frettin' about them," growled Flood, savagely. "We've got our own troubles ter look out fer without a-botherin' about theirn—d'yee see?"

The man nodded and grinned.

He and the rest were quite satisfied to let Sawkins look out for himself, and they said as much.

Flood posted a guard at the entrance.

He then strolled over to the opening and, taking a long and strong lariat, he tied one end to a rocky spur.

Then he lowered the other end down the face of the wall and, turning to a couple of his men, he said:

"Say, Charley, you an' Al had better slide down this line with yer shootin'-irons an' see what yer kin fetch in fer our supper."

The man called Charley was not prompt to obey.

"It's easy fer you to give orderes like that, Jim," said he, "but Buckskin Bill an' his gang is on ther watch, an' I'm blamed if I wanter get a bullet inter my carcass."

"They can't see yer on this side of ther hill," replied Flood. "They're on all three sides 'cept this one, an' thar's big rocks which don't let 'em see down hyer from up thar whar they now are."

"Are you sure, Jim?"

"O' course I am. Go ahead. I knows wot I'm a-talkin' about."

The two men went down.

Neither one fancied the task assigned to him, but they reached the valley in safety and departed.

When they were gone Flood sat down on the stone and began to plan out his future.

His back was turned to the dangling lariat, and he did not see it suddenly get taut.

It was violently agitated for a few moments, and then a human head and shoulders suddenly appeared.

And that head and shoulders belonged to Buckskin Bill.

The boy gave a slight start when he saw his enemy sitting a few yards away from him, and he paused.

Unluckily for him, his head cast a shadow, as the sun was behind him, and the outlaw saw it.

He did not betray his discovery by word or look, but just sat there and keenly watched his movements.

Presently it began to go down.

Then it vanished.

Like a flash Flood got upon his feet.

Out came his knife, and, creeping over to the edge of the rock, he peered over and saw the boy sliding down the lariat.

(To be continued)

## GOOD READING

## RESELL NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA

Second-hand newspapers have a large sale in China. A newsboy who sells a paper on Monday buys it back the next day for a fraction of the selling price, smooths it out and resells it in a nearby village for a reduced price. And the process is repeated from village to village until the paper has been worn to illegibility.

## THE "LOST ATLANTIS"

We will now know definitely as to whether there is a "lost Atlantis," and many other mysteries of the past. Dr. Hartman, a man of wealth, has invented a deeper sea-sounding apparatus than has ever been known, and is now in London conferring with the Royal Geographic Society as to organizing a great and costly expedition to explore the bottoms of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. He expects to find ruins of cities 15,000 feet below the level of the sea. The deepest sea diving so far has been not to exceed 200 feet. The pressure increases enormously with every foot of depth. Dr. Hartman stands high with the scientists of Great Britain and this country. He has made a fortune in mining and electrotherapy. His researches are supposed to settle the question whether the civilization of the world came from the East or from this country. Had the people of Mexico, Guatemala, Yucatan, and Peru such a high knowledge of the arts of science that they furnished leaven to the Far East; or did civilization originate in China and Mesopotamia, and thence be spread to this country?

## PHILIPPINE RUBBER NEXT?

The U. S. is turning to the Philippines for relief in supplying the enormous demand for rubber, costing the country approximately \$300,000,000 a year.

Increases in prices on British and South American rubber have awakened American producers to the immediate necessity of finding other fields for production of rubber.

Absence of any satisfactory substitute has stimulated the quest for a country to rival British and Dutch East Indies, Brazil, and the other rubber producing countries, with Great Britain virtually monopolizing the world trade.

An illuminating report on the future of the Philippines as a rubber-producing center was made by the Department of Commerce last week.

Some discouragement is felt in the instability of labor in the Philippines which may put obstacles in the way of fostering an infant rubber industry.

A satisfactory labor supply is regarded as one of the prime requisites to rubber production. Support of the Filipinos themselves to American enterprise in growing' rubber trees and cultivating the crop must first be obtained.

It will require at least 10 years to place the rubber industry on a satisfactory producing scale under the most favorable conditions, experts have estimated.

## ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The following lines were written by Mrs. Dyer, who is past 90 years of age, a shut-in, and much-beloved member of Hudson Relief Corps:

## Some Things Lincoln Never Saw or Heard:

He never saw a submarine,  
Aeroplane, or limousine,  
A motor truck or traction plow,  
Or patent milker for the cow.  
While we see thousands every night,  
He saw not one electric light,  
Typewriter or telephone,  
Victrola or a megaphone,  
An auto car or a mason jar,  
Electric fan or fountain pen,  
Piano player or X-rayer,  
An incubator or separator,  
An elevator or percolator.  
He never heard the sound  
Of a railroad running underground.  
He did not know that S. O. S.  
Was a wireless signal of distress.  
He never saw a movie show,  
Nor listened in on radio.  
He did not—sitting by his fire—  
Hear a San Francisco choir.  
A hundred things, both great and small,  
Never came his way at all.  
—I give it up; make out your list  
And name the things that I have missed.

## Things He Did See and Hear:

He saw a land of factions torn  
With a load too heavy to be borne.  
He saw the cloud's frightful form.  
He heard the muttering of the storm.  
He knew no power on earth could save  
A land half free and one-half slave.  
For years, thru war and bloody strife,  
He strove to save the Nation's life.  
Dissolved the Union must not be,  
But firmer stand with men all free.  
His hope and courage sorely tried,  
But the Nation lived and slavery died.  
What awful cost, what price was paid.  
What bitter sacrifice was made.  
Ask of these men with footsteps slow,  
Whose heads are white as Winter Snow.  
The day that saw brave Lincoln's birth.  
Lincoln! the name we all revere;  
Lincoln! the name we hold so dear;  
Grand champion of Liberty,  
The great man of his century.

—National Tribune.

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166 West 23d Street

New York City

## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1925

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## BIRDS START SHORT CIRCUIT.

Two little birds perched on an electric light wire in some unknown manner caused a short circuit which set fire to 15 houses in the town of Arronville, near Pontoise, France. The people were perplexed over what had caused the fire, and an investigation was started. After considerable search just enough of the almost incinerated birds was found to solve the mystery.

The damage resulting from the fires is estimated at several hundred thousand francs.

## WANTS MORE MIDSHIPMEN

A substantial increase in the midshipmen corps at Annapolis Academy will be recommended to Congress at the forthcoming session by the Secretary of the Navy. The Academy has accommodations for 2,500 men, but the present enrolment is only about 1,600.

Secretary Wilbur will ask Congress to increase the quota that may be appointed by each of its members from three to five, which would add 900 men to the Annapolis enrolment each year. The existing basic law authorizes each member of Congress to designate five candidates for appointment every year, but appropriations allowed for the purpose permit the naming of but three.

An expansion from 1,600 to 2,500 would call for an increased appropriation of about \$2,000,000 a year. With the increase in officers that would thus be turned out by Annapolis the navy could fill places in a number of departments, notably the Marine Corps, with its own graduates instead of drawing upon civilians.

## WOMAN NEAR DEATH BY STINGS OF ANGRY BEES.

Mrs. J. P. Ellis, her son, Cokely, A. C. Harrison and William Foy have just had the closest brush with death they are likely ever to have and live to tell about it.

Mrs. Ellies, who lives on the Livermore Road near Calhoun, Ky., climbed into a peach tree to gather fruit. She lost her balance and fell into a group of beehives. The bees swarmed out and

in a minute covered her body. Her right arm and collarbone were broken in the fall, and she was so badly injured that she could not move.

For an hour the woman was helpless, while the bees swarmed upon her body. Mr. Harrison, a merchant, and Cokely Ellis finally noticed her plight and ran to her aid.

The men called on Mr. Foy, who joined them in trying to rescue Mrs. Ellis. The bees promptly attacked the men and stung each of them hundreds of times as they carried Mrs. Ellis from the yard.

First-aid treatment was provided for the four persons, who have great swellings over their bodies. Two physicians attended Mrs. Ellis, and after treatment announced their belief that she would recover, although she was suffering greatly, as were the men.

It is expected that two or three weeks will pass before all the poison is eradicated from their bodies.

## LAUGHS

Little Clarence—Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder. Mr. Callipers—Is he deaf? Little Clarence—No, sir; it isn't thundering.

"How was your speech received?" asked one Labor member of another. "When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did," was the reply.

Ethel—Jack said last night he'd kiss me or die in the attempt. Kitty—Good gracious! And did he kiss you? Ethel—Well, you haven't heard of his death, have you?

"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" asked the father. "Now what are your prospects?" "Excellent, sir," answered the young man, "if you don't spoil them."

"Madam," said the clergyman, "be consoled by the thought that your husband has gone where there is no night." "If that is the case," replied the widow, "he won't stay long."

"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?" "Yes, my dear," said his mother. "Well, then," said Tommy, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."

"Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Blank's face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter?" asked Mr. Jones after the reception. "No," said Mrs. Jones, "I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face."

"Would ye do something for a poor old sailor?" inquired the seedy wanderer at the gate. "Poor old sailor?" said the lady at work over the wash-tub. "Yessum. I followed the water for sixteen years." "Well," said the worker as she resumed her labors, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

## CURRENT NEWS

## GERMANY TO EVICT POLES

As an echo of the recent eviction from Poland of fifty Germans, who, having chosen to retain their German citizenship after the plebiscites of 1920-'21, failed to leave within the time limit set for their repatriation, the German government has decided to evict from Germany an equal number of Poles who have failed to conform with the same requirement.

Other Poles remaining in Germany will be ejected in numbers and at intervals corresponding to Polish evictions of Germans, the government announced.

(August 1 was the date set for the repatriation of such Poles in Germany and Germans in Poland, according to the Vienna Convention of August 30, 1924.)

## BATHING SUITS WORN BY TURKISH WOMEN

The Turkish woman no longer is the hothouse creature she still is pictured to be in Western imagination. Gradually, but surely, she is discarding her veil and showing her face in public; she is becoming an ardent sportswoman, especially in tennis and swimming, and also she is taking up the hat and other habiliments of her Western sister.

All this is due to the sanction of the new Angora government, headed by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and to a great broadening in public opinion. Recently there was a swimming race for girls before a mixed gathering of spectators. Under the Sultan's government the appearance of Turkish women in public sports was taboo. Not alone did the women compete in the race with the greatest of zest, but afterward a photograph of the winners, still attired in bathing suits, was published. In other times this would have brought contumely upon them, and possibly dire punishment.

Progressiveness among Turkish women is being applauded. The wearing of a hat, instead of the one-time obligatory veil, was started by a Turkish girl, Hadije Selma Ekrem, who recently has been lecturing in the United States on Turkish questions.

## FELT HOUSES CUT BUILDING COSTS

Cost cutting in construction of dwellings seemed to have reached its furthest extreme when recognized engineers and authorities on building practice witnessed a load test applied to a concrete partition wall made of felt, wire reinforcement and cement mortar, shot into place instead of laid up or poured, that was twice as great as the load the ordinary 2x4 stud housing partition is required to carry in modern construction, writes Allen E. Beals in the Dow Service Daily Building Reports.

Aside from fireproofing qualities of a house built with such simple methods, the partitions, by reason of air space provided between the layers of felt, are sound-proof. The walls require much less space in the structure and at the dem-

onstration it was shown that with ease the wall carried a load of more than 80 pounds to the square foot.

Estimates as to the savings effected in small house construction by the process varied, but in each case they were considerable. The appearance of the wall was identical with that of the modern wall finish of any high grade apartment house, which made it possible to save the cost of one entire coating of plaster prior to painting or papering. The hollow character of the walls insure perfect freedom from dampness and insulates against cold and heat alike. Conservative spectators conceded that the test was sufficient to establish the practicability of a new method of dwelling house construction that could put homes built by that process entirely out of competition with those built in the late national housing emergency by established processes of construction.

## THE FRIENDLY PIGEONS OF VENICE

The visitor to Venice who does not find delight in the thousands of pigeons which throng the Piazza San Marco and perch on outstretched hands in quest of grain is, indeed, a rare visitor. There is something very magnetic about these Venetian pigeons. The street photographers in the Piazza do a flourishing business snapping pictures of tourists literally covered with fluttering wings, while vendors are kept busy selling little paper bags of corn.

Perhaps few know the mellow history of these birds. They have been there for centuries and came as the result of a festival. These pigeons of St. Mark's had their origin in a feast of palm or olives. On the occasion of this festa a great procession formed in the Piazza and marched singing into the cathedral. While the solemn procession was under way branches of palms and olives were thrown from adjacent roofs and pigeons were liberated.

At the conclusion of this ceremony people hunted the pigeons, but many of the birds escaped. These, it is said, sought safety in numerous appertures under the cornices and eaves of buildings in the Square. There they built their nests and became a colony subsequently loved and cared for.

How greatly they have increased and prospered is vouchsafed by the tameness and numbers of the birds that today dwell in this historic place.

Twice daily—at 9 in the morning and at 2 in the afternoon—a servant of the municipality, lugging great bags of grain, comes into the Piazza and scatters food for the pigeons. If you will watch for a few moments before the appointed feeding hours you will see flocks of pigeons coming from all over the city—for there is a housing shortage in the vicinity of the cathedral.

It is not easy to estimate the pigeon population of St. Mark's Piazza. Some idea is, however, obtainable when the bronze giants atop the clock tower swing their sledges against the huge iron bell. This clamor sends the birds swarming into the air like bees.

## FROM ALL POINTS

## SCREW IN LUNG FORTY YEARS

Mrs. Ida Ferguson, forty-seven years old, of No. 2338 Washington Street, Canton, Mass., left the Bronchoscope Clinic of Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, and started for home, leaving behind a small screw that had been in her lung for forty years. The screw was added to the collection of a thousand and one foreign objects extracted by the bronchoscope from lungs and bronchial tubes.

Mrs. Ferguson as a child of seven got the screw into her lung. Ever since she had contracted severe colds in early spring that continued until late fall.

Prior to the removal of the screw, a tack which had been in a man's lung for thirty-six years was the oldest thing extracted.

## VETERAN PICKPOCKET TAKEN

The most persistent pickpocket known to the New York police, according to detectives of the pickpocket squad, Samuel Shore, alias "Miller," of 2,061 Douglas Street, Brooklyn, was arrested at the Sandy Hook boat pier, North River, foot of Cedar Street, for the thirty-first time since 1900 on a charge of jostling and picking pockets.

Shore has served so many terms in Sing Sing, the penitentiary and the workhouse, the detectives said, that he is on speaking terms with all the keepers of those institutions. He was sentenced many years ago to five years in Sing Sing by Mayor John F. Hylan who was then a County Judge in Brooklyn.

Shore the detectives said always works alone, which is unusual for pickpockets. But he gives the reason himself—he is too selfish to divide with a partner—and rather than have arguments about keeping all, he works by himself, the detectives said, adding that he is known to the pickpocket squad as "the lone persistent pickpocket."

## NEW COLORS FOR SWEDISH RAIL-ROAD CROSSINGS

To aid the color blind in distinguishing light signals at railroad crossings, the Swedish State Railways have decided, after an exhaustive investigation, to abolish the green light in favor of bluish-white and to adopt a special shade of red, which tests have shown to be most easily recognized by all automobile drivers. Furthermore, the lights installed at crossings owned by the state, will be additionally differentiated by blinking at different speeds when there is no danger and when a train is approaching, so that even if a person cannot tell any color from another, he cannot fail to observe the frequency with which the light flickers.

The state railways' eye specialist, Dr. C. G. Bostrom, has conducted the experiments and has found that between 5 and 6 per cent. of all males are color blind and that, since practically every one in Sweden wants to drive a car, it would be unjust to deprive these men of the privilege, as seriously proposed in the Riksdag. At the same time many accidents have been found to be due to the inability.

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FIERCE CATS  
INFEST  
TRAJAN  
FORUM RUINS

Many a tourist has wondered about the fierce breeds of cats that make their home in the ruins of the Trajan Forum and around the outer walls of the Pantheon and in other classic remains of antiquity. All these animals are unusually big and all of them are ferocious fighters. An old Roman, speaking of this curious phenomenon, explained that in Rome the superfluous kittens are never drowned. He thought the Americans were barbarous in ridding themselves of their surplus cats in that way. In the Eternal City the kittens who are considered "de trop" by the master of the household are taken to one of the great ruins or monuments, either by the children or the servants, and food is brought to them for a few days thereafter. Then they are forgotten and must shift for themselves. As a result the law of the survival of the fittest works with infallible severity. The cats that are able to overcome the hardships of their environment are about the toughest specimens of their kind outside of what natural history recognizes as "wild cats."

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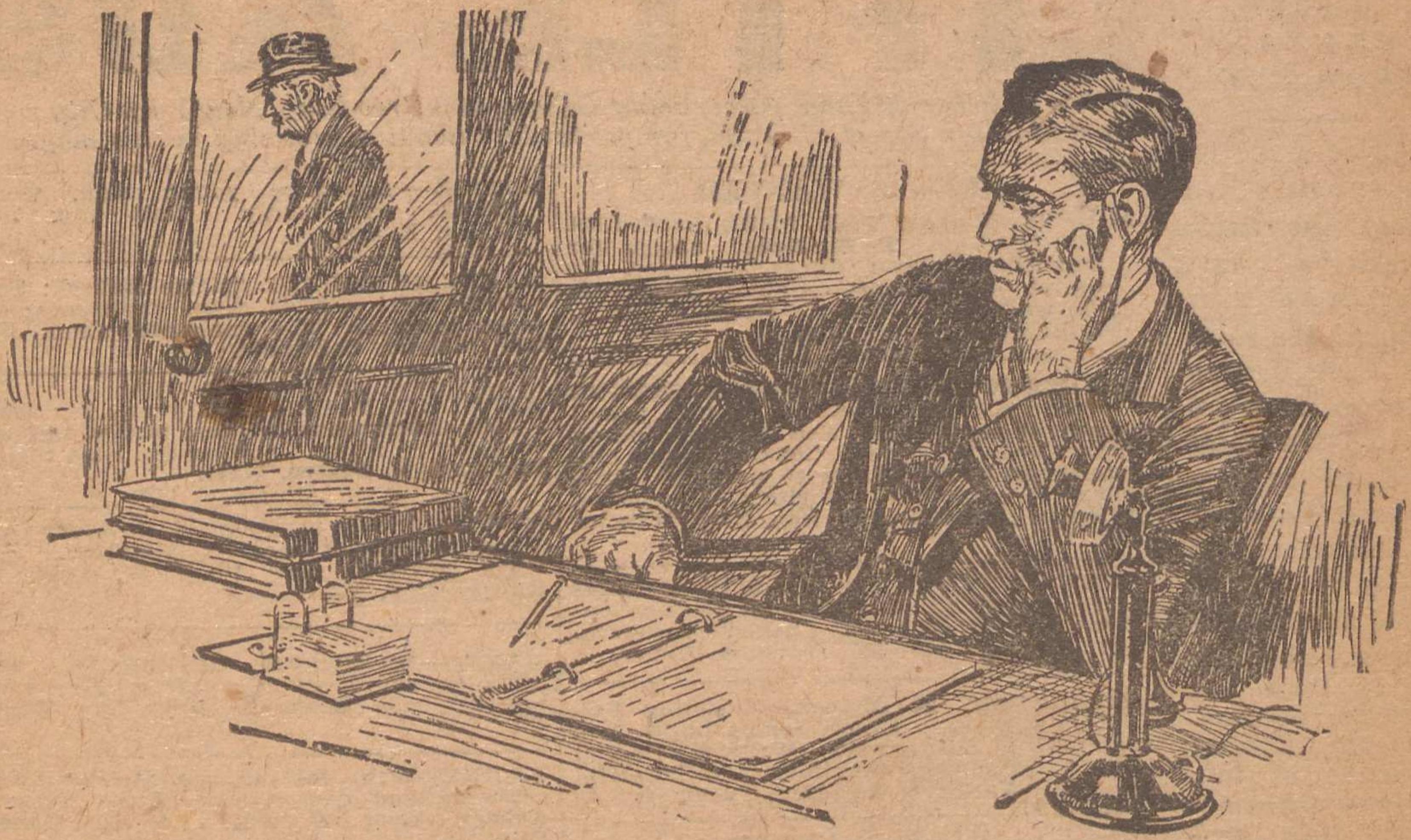
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## SPONGES ARE OCEAN'S BEEHIVES

Sponges are the beehives of the sea. This discovery has been reported to the Bureau of Fisheries by Dr. Charles J. Fish of the Zoological Society's steamer Arcturus, cruising in tropical waters. The "bees" which Dr. Fish found inhabiting the canals of sponges were whole colonies of the tiny snapping shrimp Alpheus. These gregarious shrimps, he discovered, swim freely about, but always return to the individual sponge which is their hive-like home. Numerous other forms were also found to use these subway passages as a haven of refuge at the approach of danger. One sponge-hive with its homing-shrimps was secured and placed in an aquarium aboard ship, where the colony continued to flourish. This discovery makes known another of nature's queer partnerships; for the sponge which the shrimps use as a home is itself a marine animal, although it spends its adult life fixed to the rocks in one place, like a plant, and the canals which shelter the shrimps are the many mouths through which the sponge gets its food.



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